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BLARNEY CASTLE.

BLARNEY CASTLE, the subject of the accompanying illustration, is situated about five miles from Cork, Ireland, whence it is approached by a road of considerable beauty, and many very

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BLARNEY CASTLE, COUNTY CORK, IRELAND.

pretty glimpses of the old keep of the fortress are obtained while passing through the plantations which surround the house. Picturesque villages are situated along the way, inhabited by a light-hearted and merry peasantry, who appear contented even in the midst of pov-

erty and discomfort, and are distinguished for their attachment to the language and habits of their forefathers, and for their untaught wit and rustic eloquence.

contest for its possession with the Saxon invader. In this struggle the Lords of Muskerry took an active part, and shared both the triumphs and defeats of their illustrious kindred, their stronghold of Blarney being several times lost and regained by them. It was captured, A. D. 1602, by the troops of Queen Elizabeth; but was restored to its owner MacCarthy, he being at the same time created Viscount Muskerry. The Earl of Orrery took it in 1642, and retained it until 1658, when the then Lord Muskerry, who had in the mean time been advanced to the dignity of Earl of Clancarty, received it back. Finally, the last Earl of Clancarty, remaining faithful to the fortunes of the house of Stuart, took up arms on behalf of King James II., and, on the defeat of that unhappy prince, followed him into exile. His possessions being forfeited, William of Orange granted his estate of Blarney to a Sir George Jeffereyes, in whose family it remains unto this day.

The castle is placed upon a ridge of limestone-rocks, overhanging the river Awmartin. It was formerly a place of great strength, as its remains still testify. The principal of these is a square, strong keep, rising to a height of one hundred and twenty feet above the rocks. This still forms the principal feature of the building, and is in a state of good preservation; its date is about 1450. This date is engraved upon a stone embedded in the wall nearly at the summit of the tower, on which stone is also inscribed the name of Cormack MacCarthy, the founder of the fortress. This stone is the celebrated Blarney-stone, which is supposed to have the power of imparting to any person who shall kiss it the gift of persuasion and of facility of language above alluded to as characteristic of the inhabitants of this favored district. Its miraculous powers in this respect have been lavishly extolled, in much prose and more poetry, by native historians and bards.

In a work of the time of Queen Elizabeth, Blarney Castle is described as consisting of three huge piles of buildings, covering the whole surface of the rock, and fenced in with walls of immense thickness, surrounding the keep, or donjon, above described. At present these piles are replaced by a more modern mansion of the time of William III., and with the usual want of originality and picturesqueness characteristic of the architecture of that period. It was constructed by Sir George Jeffereyes, ancestor of the present owner, who also laid out the plantations bordering the river, which are pleasantly designed, and contain a very ancient cromlech and some curious picture-stones of prehistoric ages. Within the mansion-house is to be seen a portrait of Charles XII. of Sweden, said to be original, which was brought from Stockholm by a son of Sir George Jeffereyes, who was British envoy at that court.

An old tradition has it that, prior to the final expulsion of the ancient race of MacCarthy, the last Earl of Clancarty, seeing the cause he was devoted to hopeless, had all the plate and treasure belonging to his family concealed in the river near the castle of Blarney, the secret of the hiding-place being intrusted by hereditary descent to three of the house of MacCarthy, who are bound by oath not to reveal it until all the ancient honors have once more been restored to their line.

The town of Blarney contains about nine hundred inhabitants. Its possessors, the family of Jeffereyes, have often attempted to raise it to some pitch of industrial vigor and prosperity by encouraging manufactures and laying out streets and public buildings; but, though galvanized into life for a time, it has always sunk again, and still presents the appearance of indigence and decay.

HERR THOMAS'S WIFE.

By LOUISE MÜHLBACH.

I.

IT is a delicious morning; and in the pretty, rural garden of Blitz the carpenter, the flowers bloom luxuriantly, and the flies buzz melodiously about the little round coffee-table, at which sits Herr Thomas Blitz and his better-half.

It is a pleasing picture that the two unconsciously present to the observer—a picture in the style of Rubens, brilliant in colors heavily laid on, and Frau Catharina in her stiff gravity, with her inclination to obesity, and her regular but coarse features, reminds one of the picture in the Munich gallery, in which Rubens represents his wife rambling in a garden. And as comfortable and good-natured as Rubens appears in the picture, so comfortable and content with him-

self and the world does Herr Blitz seem to be, as he sits in his garden. He occupies his spacious arm-chair, leaning back indolently, with his long pipe in his mouth, blowing out clouds of smoke which he watches disappear with the air of one who is a stranger to care. Now and then he takes a sip from a large coffee-cup, that stands on the table before him, and then settles back into his chair, more comfortably, if possible, than before.

Frau Catharina holds a book in her hand, and seems greatly absorbed in its contents. All around is still, except that from a large building, which stands on one side of the garden, a rattling noise is occasionally heard, and sometimes the sound of a saw and plane can be distinguished. At such times the face of Herr Blitz assumes a pleased expression, and he murmurs: "That's right, boys, that's what I like to hear; that's music I like better than all these fine concerns that Katy goes into such ecstasies over!"

The last words he muttered in a lower tone, glancing at his literary better-half as though he feared she might have heard him, and then, as she continued to read, he returned to his clouds and coffee. But suddenly Catharina threw her book on the table with such force as to make the cups rattle, and cried: "It is unendurable! Heaven knows it is unendurable!"

Herr Blitz started up and took his pipe slowly out of his mouth, saying, with a good-natured smile: "Ah, you are quite right, the flies are unendurable; but, don't you see I am doing my best to drive them away? I am smoking in this way, like a young locomotive, just to drive the pests away from you, Katy."

Frau Catharina fixed her eyes disdainfully on her lord, and said, with as much dignity as she could command: "To you, with your material nature, that only is unendurable which interferes with your physical comforts; I, on the contrary, was too much absorbed in my reading to notice the flies. This everlasting sawing and hammering in your plebeian old shop there, was what disturbed me!"

"Come, come, don't begin on that topic again, Katy," said Herr Blitz, good-naturedly. "The plebeian old shop, as you call it, has brought us in many a good honest dollar!"

"Bah! what would these few dollars have enabled us to be, if we had not drawn the big prize? Oh, I cannot tell you how I love our good king for sustaining the lottery, this philanthropic institution! According to the papers, the governments of some countries are so barbarous as to want to suppress the lotteries, thereby robbing the people of even the hope of ever possessing affluence! It is barbarous!"

"Nonsense!" replied Herr Blitz. "Lotteries are bad institutions. The citizen should work—that is his mission; and it is much nobler in him, too, to work than to sit and hold his hands, waiting for Chance to dump down a pile of gold at his feet. Let me tell you, Katy, I have often been sorry that we drew such a large sum. I am almost ashamed of calling mine what I did not earn by honest toil. I would sooner have a shilling that I have worked for, than a dollar that Chance chucks in at the window."

"Good Heavens! you drive me to despair with your vulgarity! Can any man, who has any pride or respect for himself or his family, use such expressions as 'dump down' and 'chuck in'?"

"But you see, Katy, I have none of the kind of pride and self-respect you are always harping about. I can't talk in polished phrases, nor does it give me any pleasure to sit by the hour at the card-table, the way you do, and waste my time. That may be all very well for your fashionable people, perhaps; but I am only a plain carpenter, and don't want to appear to be any thing else."

"But you are rich enough to be somebody in the world—to rise above the sphere of a plain mechanic, and improve your manners."

"Improve fiddlesticks! As a man is, so he remains. If he has not been taught the ways and manners of your elegant people in his youth, he had better not try to ape them in his old age. You can't teach an old dog new tricks, you know, Katy. Early training, my child, early training is every thing in such matters. A cobbler will remain a cobbler, although you may dress him in broadcloth and fine linen, house him in a palace, give him a high-sounding title, and princes for his associates. The odor of wax and old soles will stick to him, and the gentlefolks that visit him will laugh in their sleeves at his awkward attempts to imitate them. Early training, and that alone, I repeat, makes your fine gentleman or lady. That you can see in our Julia, who, certainly, cannot boast of coming from a great family. Her father was a cobbler, and her mother followed the pro-

fession of hunting for silver spoons and other things less valuable in garb-barrels."

"Very true," said Frau Catharina, "very true! And then to be burdened with the children of such low people!"

"It was my duty, Katy," said Herr Blitz, with emphasis, "to take the child. Her mother, as you know, was my cousin, and Julia is my godchild. I know very well that gentlefolks look upon it as ridiculous to consider that you assume any responsibilities in becoming the godfather or godmother to a child. Nowadays it is only a matter of form; but I choose to conform to the old custom of being a real godfather, and, if the parents of the child die, to take their places and assume their responsibilities, so far as possible. You know, Julia was an orphan; her parents both died in the pursuit of their calling."

"It would be nearer the fact to say that they both drank themselves to death," replied Frau Catharina, disdainfully.

"And what could they have done better in their circumstances?" asked Herr Blitz, smiling. "The business of neither of them had a very agreeable flavor. Gutters and waxed-ends don't smell much like Cologne-water, so they were attracted by the smell of the brandy-bottle, in which, unfortunately, they got too much in the habit of drowning their cares. When little Julia became an orphan, whose duty was it to care for her? Why, mine—her godfather's! At that time we had no children, and so I thought she should be our daughter."

"I could have got along very well without such a daughter!"

"You, yes," said Herr Blitz, in a pathetic tone, "you are not so fond of children as I am, or you would not have sent our two little boys away from home.—Ah, my poor Carl and Felix, it makes me sad when I think that you must languish in a boarding-school!"

Herr Blitz gave expression to his paternal longing by heaving a profound sigh, and helping himself to a second cup of coffee.

"Children must be educated," said Catharina, in a decided tone, "and it is very silly to grieve because one can't see them every day."

"But now our children will be so wise and accomplished that they will easily see that we, their parents, are two stupid, uneducated people, and then they will cease to love us. You will have a couple of young gentlemen, but no children."

"Thomas, how can you talk to me in that manner!" cried Catharina, red with anger. "I agree with you that your equal for ignorance and stupidity could not be easily found; but I—"

"Ah, bah!" interrupted Thomas, whom the thought of his boys gave courage to oppose his helpmeet—"ah, bah! you don't know any more than I do. And because I know that, and will not make myself a subject of ridicule, I refuse to live in a finer house and make more show. If we tried to live like gentlefolks, we should only make a muss of it. Look at our Julia, and you will have to admit that we can be nothing but plain working-people. Julia is accomplished and has fine manners, for I sent her to the best boarding-schools, where she learned, in childhood, to be a fine lady. Do you know, Katy, that when she looks at me with her handsome eyes in her intelligent, amiable way, I am sometimes so confused that I don't know what to say! That comes of her knowing so much more than we do. You see, we can't help feeling a sort of timidity in her presence, a sort of reverence for her."

Before her husband had finished speaking, Frau Catharina's anger knew no bounds. At first she was speechless. She loosened the fire-red ribbons of her cap, threw her green silk kerchief back on her shoulders, and breathed like an infuriated tigress. "Upon my word, that is going too far!" she finally cried, "that is going too far. Timid!—before this vain, pert, little boarding-school miss? I hate the very sight of her!"

"Ah, you are jealous of her because she knows so much more and has so much finer manners than you have," said Blitz, quietly, as he took another sip of coffee.

"And you are a blockhead, a dolt," cried Catharina, "or you would give up carpentering and buy a fine house in a fashionable neighborhood and keep a carriage and servants. You would see me play the fine lady with the best of them."

"That would yield some funny scenes!" laughed Blitz. "You are a lady! See, for example—you are a long way too truthful, too frank. Just now you called me a blockhead. A fine lady never calls her husband such things, no matter what she thinks; and, then, a

fine lady never gets so furious and talks in a loud, coarse tone, like a fish-woman. If elegant people quarrel, they quarrel in an elegant way. They may seethe and fume within, but without all is calm and courteous. No, no, you will remain what you are—a plain, sweet-tempered, mechanic's wife."

"Thomas Blitz!" cried Catharina, trembling with rage, and seizing her husband by the shoulder—"Thomas Blitz, do not drive me frantic; I might do something in my rage that we should all be sorry for."

"Yes, you can get into a rage, that is true," said Herr Blitz, gently releasing himself from Frau Catharina's ungentle embrace. "Do you remember how you once in your anger poisoned the cat because he hadn't sense enough to know he ought not to lay violent claws on your bullfinch?"

Catharina glanced contemptuously at her husband, and, without making any reply, turned toward the house. At the door she gave a little beggar-girl an energetic box on the ear, without uttering a word, and then disappeared, slamming the door violently after her.

II.

The trees rustled and whispered in the verdant luxuriance of spring; the youthful birch, like a young girl, shook its bushy head coquettishly, and the stately old fir-tree waved its sombre branches toward its volatile neighbor with an air of reproach.

Up among the branches there was a morning concert in full progress. The finch and the lark sang the solos, and the sparrow, the blackbird, the robin, and the wren, sang the accompaniments, while the hawk held the *bâton*. And on the bank of a little stream, that meandered slowly through the wood, in the shade of a waving willow, sat a charming young girl, with a profusion of blond curls. She held a book in her hand, but she did not read. Her large blue eyes were fixed thoughtfully on space, yet her mind could not have been occupied with any thing unpleasant, for she smiled, and her face was radiant with an expression of content. And now the branches behind her were noiselessly pushed apart, and the head of a young man was visible. He fixed his eyes intently on the young girl, who, unconscious of his approach, did not move. Now he hastens toward her, and, as Julia looks around, startled, the young man kneels at her feet and presses her hand to his lips, greeting her with burning words of love.

"Edward," cried Julia, "dear Edward! You here?"

"And where else," he asked, with a bright smile, "where else should I be than beside my Julia, my betrothed? After you left the city, it seemed to me so desolate. I wandered about like one lost in a desert. All my thoughts and dreams were with you. I was so unhappy because you were no longer near me, because I could not see you daily. What, then, could I do but hasten to you, my Julia?"

"I have him again," she cried, raising her hands toward heaven. "I have him again," she cried out to the trees and birds; and softly, as it were in answer, a whispering and twittering ran through the branches, and the feathered songsters were silent. "Oh, I thank thee, Heaven, I have him again!"

And she drew the young man nearer to her, and wept tears of joy. Edward pressed her to his bosom and kissed her tenderly. The parish robin, seeing this, blushed deeply and flew away, while the maiden birch smiled blissfully and rustled the branches in commendation; the lark uttered a joyous carol, which was an echo of the sensations that animated the breasts of the two lovers. They were long silent in their ecstasy; finally, Edward raised his head, and, looking his sweetheart full in the eyes, said: "And now let me tell you, my Julia, I am resolved not to return to the city without you. Let us boldly face the ills of life together; let us, hand in hand, battle with Fortune, and laugh when she denies us her favors. Life is too short and uncertain to wait and hope; we must seize and hold the good and beautiful while they are within our reach. Will you not intrust your future to me?—unite your life to mine, and share my cares and joys?"

"The woman who truly loves has but one desire," replied Julia, smiling through her tears—"to call the beloved hers; and to her there is but one deprivation—his absence."

"Then you are mine!" cried Edward, joyously. "Now nothing but death shall separate us!"

"Nor shall that!" whispered Julia, "for there is a reunion beyond the grave. Philosophy may doubt it, but love knows it."

III.

"At last!" said Frau Catharina, as Julia, rosy and radiant, entered the room.

"Good-morning, my child!" cried Herr Blitz. "Where have you been so early? How red the roses are on your cheeks, and how bright your eyes are! Where have you been?"

"In the woods, uncle," replied Julia, putting her arm affectionately around his neck. "Oh, I can't tell you how delightful it was—so delightful, so lovely. I wish I were a poet—then, perhaps, I could find words to express what I sometimes feel. Every thing was so still and solemn, so grand and sublime, around me. A gentle breeze whispered among the leaves, and seemed as though it brought greetings from afar; and the trees nodded to each other with friendly mien, as do good people. The dew-drops on the wild-flowers glistened so brilliantly in the morning sun. No diamond is as beautiful as are these glistening dew-drops. Indeed, it seemed to me, when I was in the woods yonder, that Nature was in her holiday robes."

The carpenter listened to Julia as she spoke with ever-increasing interest. When she had finished, he nudged Catharina with his elbow, and whispered: "Do you hear that, Katy? She knows how to express herself. When you listen to her it makes you feel so—so—I can't tell how."

"Nor can I tell how such talk affects a plebeian nature like yours," replied Frau Catharina, in a snarling tone. "This much I do know, however, that what she says is fantastic nonsense. Other people have some education, and read a book now and then as well as she, but they don't find anything in the woods to get into the clouds about. The breeze brings her greetings! How very poetic!"

"Humph, your education!" exclaimed Herr Blitz, shrugging his shoulders. "And what do you read? Yesterday you wept like a camelopard over 'The Seven Sleeping Maidens of Spiess.' I asked Julia if it was a very interesting story; she said nobody cared much for it but ostlers and chambermaids."

"What!" cried Catharina, in her most terrible tone, "how dare you, Julia!"

"Pardon me, aunty," entreated Julia, "uncle did not tell me you were reading it."

"Go on, go on!" stormed Frau Catharina, as she rose and strode up and down the room. "Ridicule me, if you will, look down on me in your haughtiness—on me, who am fitted to adorn a higher station, but am fettered to this humble sphere by my blockhead of a husband! Forget, if you will, that I, ignorant and uneducated as you think me, was generous enough to take a starving child and bring it up like a countess! Go on, and confirm this grovelling dolt here by your sneers, that I am not fitted to grace a higher position in society; but beware of my anger and my revenge!"

Having delivered herself of this harangue, Frau Catharina whisked out of the room, slamming the door violently after her, while Herr Blitz, convulsed with laughter, threw himself into a chair and cried: "Whew! but wasn't that tremendous? What a tongue!—she ought to have been an auctioneer!"

"We have made aunty very angry," said Julia. "I am very sorry."

"Angry!" replied the callous husband; "if she didn't blow out in that fashion every few days, I should begin to think there was something serious the matter. You don't know her as well as I do, my child."

Julia scarcely heard her uncle's last words. She looked down with a serious and thoughtful mien; and, when she raised her eyes, her whole soul seemed to be mirrored in her glance.

"Uncle," said she, in a low, hesitating tone, "I have a secret I should like to confide to you, but I hardly know how to begin. You must help me."

"It is nothing unpleasant, I hope, my child. Has any one treated you badly—your Aunt Katy, perhaps?"

"No," whispered Julia, timidly, "it is nothing unpleasant—it is an affair of the heart."

"An affair of the heart! So, so! then you, with your sixteen years, have already found out that you have a heart? That comes of having a fine education. When I was of your age, I only knew that I had a stomach, for my master's wife helped us apprentices very sparingly. True, my master sometimes reminded me that I had a back also; not often, however, thank Heaven! But a heart—that I had a heart—I never dreamed of such a thing. Humph! a secret, a heart-secret! Tell me, isn't there a young man in it?"

"Oh, one of the noblest and best!" cried Julia, fervently.

"Ha, ha! I thought so, I thought so," said Herr Blitz, concealing his emotion by an apparent inclination to jest; for, like all people of inferior cultivation, he was ashamed to let others see he was possessed of any sentiment. The uncultivated weep often with anger, but rarely with grief or joy. "I thought so," said Herr Blitz. "You are fond of him, I suppose?"

"I love him," whispered Julia, blushing.

The carpenter could hardly keep back his tears; he, therefore, said, laughingly: "See that! she is not only fond of him, she loves him. That all comes of being refined and accomplished."

Julia leaned against his shoulder and told him the whole story, from the time she first met her lover to the blissful hour when they looked into each other's hearts. It was the story of a pure young girl's love, full of tenderness and sentiment—a poem such as is hidden within every young girl's bosom, full of holy dreams and longings, of nameless vows and joys. She whispered it, blushing and tremulous, in the ear of her paternal friend, and now Herr Blitz listened without a smile or a jest. He felt the sacredness of the young girl's confession, and, had he been listening to a hymn of praise to the Most High, he could not have assumed an attitude or a mien more devotional. It was not till Julia came to speak of material things—until she told him of the poverty of her lover, who was the son of a poor nobleman, and had chosen rather to earn his own bread than to be a pensioner on his rich relations—it was not till then that Herr Blitz regained his wonted cheerfulness.

Edward, she told her uncle, was a young painter, who gave lessons to the young ladies in the school from which she had recently returned. There she had learned to know and to love him; there they had sworn eternal fidelity. She did not try to conceal the fact that he was poor, "but," said she, confidently, "he has the courage to work, and I—I shall know how to be cheerful and content with little."

Herr Blitz shook his head thoughtfully. "It's a very unfortunate circumstance that you are both poor," said he, after a pause, "since you are resolved on getting married. Matrimony and poverty are two things about as congenial as cats and dogs. You are the same to me, Julia, as my own daughter, and I will willingly give you as much as though you were my own child. But you see I cannot do so without the consent of your Aunt Katy, for, when people are married, one should never do any thing of importance without the advice and consent of the other. It would be very different if we had no children, but, since Heaven has been pleased to send us such, she has the greater right to be consulted. If we can get her consent, I promise you your dowry shall be ample."

"Oh, I will entreat, conjure her, to receive Edward as her son," cried Julia.

Herr Blitz fixed his eyes on the floor with an unusually thoughtful mien, and made no response. Then, after some moments, he smiled complacently, and rubbed his hands with evident delight. "That will be capital! I have a plan that will be sure to succeed. You must say nothing to her about it; leave that to your Edward: his voice will have more influence with her than yours. But come, let us go into the woods, where your Edward waits for us. Ay, ay, that will be delicious. He must make her believe that he comes on her account only; that her beauty and elegant manners have charmed him. Heaven will pardon him the innocent deception, and when your Aunt Katy discovers that, in spite of her cleverness, she has been played upon, and that it was I who was at the bottom of the little conspiracy, she will, perhaps, be ashamed, and see that she makes a great simplification of herself with her airs and pretensions. It will be a capital joke, Julia," cried Herr Blitz, laughing. "Yes, yes, the old adage is right: 'Who would win the daughter, should pay court to the mother.' It is an innocent ruse, so let us proceed at once to put it into execution. Edward must win her heart by flattery and protestations, and, when he has succeeded, he must tell her that he will marry you in order to be her son-in-law. She will play the principal part in a romance—she will be the magnanimous, self-sacrificing heroine. Ah, she will be blissful! But, now, come to your impatient Edward."

IV.

"No, no, I cannot and will not submit any longer," said Frau Catharina, vehemently, as she walked to and fro in the garden. "I have endured it too long already; this life is killing me."

Tears of anger filled her eyes, and her whole figure trembled with excitement. Her passionate, unbridled nature had suppressed every thought and desire in her but one, which was to make the greatest display of any woman in the village. For two years this had been the goal of her ambition, the all-absorbing thought of her life; it had become a monomania which rendered any means to attain her end acceptable. She nursed a bitter hatred for her husband, who was the great obstacle to the realization of her wish, and often she was assailed by a horrid thought at which she herself shuddered, that, however, it perhaps required only a word to make a deed.

"Oh, I often feel as though I could strangle him," she continued. "He laughs at my endeavors to obtain a higher position in the world; he who, if he would give up his plebeian occupation and live in a more respectable style, might make me one of the first ladies in the village. Oh, how wretched I am when I read how some people love, how they sometimes even die for love! Ah, I have never truly loved; to this hour I carry in this bosom a virgin heart. But I will, I must love. Every pulsation of my heart cries out for love. O Fate, where is he who could love me? Point him out to me! lead to me, O Destiny, the long longed for, to whom I can consecrate my entire being!"

At this moment Frau Catharina was startled by the rustling of the lilac-bushes at the end of the walk. She looked up and saw a handsome young man emerge from among them. In her surprise, she was in doubt whether she dreamed or was awake, and sank unnerved on a bench that was near by. But the strange apparition approached—she could not believe her senses—and, kneeling before her, whispered words in her ear so soft, so sweet, that they sounded to her bewildered senses like the most intoxicating music. Now she felt a gentle pressure of the hand and a burning kiss on her fingers. The touch of these warm lips broke the spell that led Catharina to believe she had to do with the immaterial; but, with the consciousness that the apparition was a real existence, a new enchantment began to enchain her reason. Her senses were confused, and, trembling with emotion, she half closed her eyes and murmured: "My prayers have been heard—at last my dreams are realized. O Heaven, I thank thee!"

And now she fixed her eyes on the young man who knelt before her. She thought him so handsome with his dark locks and large black eyes. His gaze penetrated her very soul, and thrilled her inmost heart; his lips smiled so sweetly and seductively, that she felt she should be powerless to deny any prayer they might utter. Confused and amazed, she asked: "But, good Heavens! why are you here?"

"Have you, madam, never heard of the serpent that, by the fascination of its gaze, draws the hapless bird within its reach—attracts its victim by some irresistible power until it becomes its easy prey? Like the serpent, you, madam—" Here the stranger hesitated, seemingly unable to find suitable words with which to complete his simile. But Catharina, impatient to hear more, entreated in a low, tremulous tone: "Oh, how beautifully you speak! Go on, go on!"

The stranger with difficulty suppressed a smile, and continued: "As I was passing this garden, I saw you, madam, the most beautiful flower among all these flowers, and, attracted by a power I was unable to resist, I turned a deaf ear to the voice of Reason, which told me that you would be incensed, and ventured to approach you."

"Oh, you did right in not listening to the voice of Reason!" replied Catharina, aglow with intense emotion. "Ah, the voice of Reason often, I may say always, plunges us into misfortune. The voice of Reason once counselled me to marry a plebeian carpenter, who has no taste for any thing but planing boards and driving nails, while the voice of my heart admonished me that I was digging the grave of my better self. Ah, if I had never listened to the voice of Reason, I should not be the wretched woman that I am!"

"Let us, then, hearken," said the stranger, with a seductive smile; "let us, then, hearken to the voice of our hearts! I saw in your eyes, my beautiful unknown, that you were unhappy, that you famished for want of love and sympathy!"

Catharina heaved one of her deepest sighs; tears filled her eyes, and, with almost hysterical vehemence, she cried: "Unhappy? oh, I am so unhappy! But my misery must and shall end!—yes, I swear solemnly that I will be happy!"

"And he who is determined to be happy, will be," said the stranger. "The determination gives the strength. You are not angry, then, because I had the temerity to approach you? Oh, the artist within me will plead for the man. The artist is ever on the search for the beau-

tiful, to embody in his pictures; and, when he finds it, he forgets all else. Let this be my excuse for venturing into your presence, in defiance of every social usage, in order, at your feet, to worship the beautiful."

"O Heaven, O Heaven!" sighed Frau Catharina, whose nose began to symbolize the fire that burned within her.

"You sigh!"

"Have I not cause—I, the most wretched of women?" she cried, tragically.

"Ah, I know that you are wretched," returned the stranger, in a melancholy tone. "The whole village commiserates you. Oh, I have heard so much of your wit, your cultivation, and the elegance of your manners! I have heard, too, that you are possessed of ample means to maintain a place in the first circles, but that your husband barbarously insists on pursuing his plebeian vocation, thereby preventing your rising to that social eminence you are so well fitted to adorn."

Catharina was quite beside herself. For the first time she heard herself justified in her lofty aspirations; and with tearful eyes, and a tremulous voice, she cried: "Ah, you have been told only the truth. My husband is a barbarian. But I am resolved to submit to these fetters no longer!"

For a moment she was silent, and fixed her little gray eyes, with an ecstatic expression, on the stranger; then she whispered: "I thank Heaven, yes, I thank Heaven devoutly, for sending you to me. In you I find, at last, a congenial spirit—a heart that understands me, and that I can love. Oh, I am so happy! At last I am repaid for all I have suffered."

The stranger seemed to be terrified at this sudden declaration, and, in his confusion, stammered: "My dear madam, I—"

"Not a word," she interrupted, vehemently; "not a word. I know all, all that you would say—my husband, my children—I swear to you all obstacles must and shall be overcome. But now you must leave me. I must be alone. I feel that this emotion has already quite exhausted me."

"You banish me from your presence so soon?" asked the stranger, with a quizzical smile that escaped Catharina's observation.

"I must, I must," she replied, gasping for breath. "Go now, I entreat; but to-morrow, yes, to-morrow morning, I will await you here."

"Oh, I will not fail," murmured the stranger, pressing her hand fervently to his lips.

He walked slowly down the alley, followed by Frau Catharina's loving gaze, and disappeared.

In the little wood that skirted the garden he stopped and looked around, as though he expected some one. Very soon approaching footsteps were heard, and, from another alley of the garden, Herr Blitz and Julia came up.

Blitz seemed to have just enough strength left to reach the spot where Edward stood; for, arrived there, he sank breathless on the grass, and burst into an uproarious laugh of so contagious a character, that Julia, in spite of herself, joined in his merriment.

"Oh, that is a capital joke!" he exclaimed. "That succeeds beyond expectation, and I am proud of being the originator of the plan. Katy is ecstatic; and now, in the second act of our comedy, it is only necessary for you to teach her to appreciate the prodigious sacrifice you make for her. Just think, only to be near her, you will consent to being the husband of Julia. Oh, Katy will dissolve in bliss and emotion!"

"Yes; but won't she be exasperated when she discovers the deception?" asked Julia, anxiously.—"And is it not wrong for you to flatter her and make love to her so, Edward?"

The young man pressed his mistress to his breast, and whispered, "The end justifies the means."

V.

After the interview with the stranger, Frau Catharina was in a fever of excitement. Her whole being seemed to have undergone a change. It appeared to her that the "Open-sesame" had been spoken, which was to usher her into a new life—a life in which she would realize her romantic dreams. She swore eternal devotion to the handsome stranger, and to surmount every obstacle that stood in the way of their union.

"Thomas must get a divorce from me," said she, in a determined tone; and no sooner had she made this resolution, than she proceeded

to put it into execution. With a decided step she hastened into the sitting-room, where she heard her husband singing. He appeared not to hear her enter, and continued to sing, louder than before, his favorite song—

"With men who know what 'tis to love," etc.—

until he was interrupted by an energetic tap on the shoulder. Turning quickly, he saw himself confronted by the flushed physiognomy of Catharina.

"Do you think," he asked, rubbing his shoulder, "that men who know what 'tis to love, are not likely to remonstrate against—"

"I am not in a mood to listen to any of your nonsense," interrupted Frau Katy, in her most imperious tone. "I have something of the deepest import to say to you. Be silent, and listen. Your manner and your conduct become daily more and more plebeian. I feel that I can endure it no longer; in a word, I will live with you no longer!"

"What do you propose to do, then?" asked Thomas, quietly, as he proceeded to fill his favorite pipe. "To live by your superior accomplishments, perhaps? Or are you going into authorship—to be a poetess, for example?"

"You are enough to make me lose my wits!"

"Your wits? ha, ha!"

"I tell you," cried Catharina, stamping and gesticulating furiously, "I tell you I cannot and will not live with you any longer!"

"What do you mean? I do not understand you!" asked Herr Blitz, astonished.

"I mean," she replied, fiercely, "I mean that I will be divorced from you!" And, as Thomas burst into a hearty laugh, she repeated, still more energetically: "You need not laugh; I tell you I am resolved to be divorced from you!"

"And I," said Herr Blitz, as he leisurely took possession of his big arm-chair, "I am resolved that you shall not be divorced from me."

"But if I tell you that I hate you, despise you!"

"Still I will not consent to a divorce."

"Wretch! and why not?" screamed Frau Catharina.

"Why not?" repeated Herr Blitz, as he calmly blew a mouthful of smoke up to the ceiling—"why not? because I won't! Because you are the mother of my two boys, and because no greater misfortune can befall children than the separation of their parents."

"It is still worse for them to see us live together in a continual quarrel."

"Hem! It is you who do all the quarrelling."

"Well, then, let me go; give me an annuity, and let me go."

"No, I cannot," said Blitz, becoming suddenly tender and sad. "Do you see, Katy, I am so accustomed to seeing and hearing you, that I could not live without you. Whom should I have to scold me if you were gone? Who would call me 'blockhead' and 'dolt' if you didn't do it? You are the only one who would dare to do it. I am very glad that you have the courage, for I would sooner hear your 'blockhead' than the 'wise-head' of all the world beside. No, no, I will never, never consent to a separation. Ah, only think how quiet and monotonous it would be here in the house, if it were not for the domestic rows you treat us to daily."

"Rows? Another of your elegant expressions! So you will not consent to a divorce?" murmured Frau Catharina, biting her lips with rage.

"No, I will not."

"Then may Heaven be merciful to you!" cried Catharina, and rushed out of the room. Arrived in her own apartment, she walked to and fro in a paroxysm of rage and excitement; but ever and again the image of the handsome stranger appeared, smiling and seductive, to her bewildered vision—the image of him to whom she had sworn eternal fidelity. And the more pleasing and persuasive the picture appeared to her, the more she cursed her "barbarian," and the fetters that bound her to him.

"I will, I must be free!" she whispered. "I will, if I am compelled to strangle him!" This thought made her shudder; but, in her excitement, she returned to it again and again, terrible as it was: "How if I were to murder him?" A dark, cruel defiance now took the place of her excitement; wicked thoughts and wishes were awakened in her; the demons of ambition and love beckoned to her with sweet, beguiling whispers, and Catharina lent them a willing ear until they overcame her—until, in her heart, she yielded to them.

She hastily threw a shawl around her shoulders, and, pale and calm, went out.

VI.

A few hours later, the village apothecary, with a troubled mien, hastened to the house of Herr Blitz, and asked to see him. Herr Blitz chanced to be occupied weeding a flower-bed when the apothecary came, and received his caller in the position Henry IV. received the English ambassador, when he asked, "Have you children, my lord?" As Blitz looked up, the druggist, with a mysterious mien, saluted him with the query, "Are you troubled with rats?"

This strange greeting brought the phlegmatic Blitz slightly out of position; he straightened up, gazed at his caller a moment, and then burst into a loud laugh.

"Answer me, neighbor," said the druggist, earnestly. "The question I ask you is a serious one. Are you troubled with rats or mice?"

"And that the man calls a serious question!" laughed Herr Thomas.

"I regret that it is my duty," said the druggist, "to inform you of a horrid suspicion I have. I fear that your wife—" The apothecary hesitated.

"My wife—well?"

"Has any thing unpleasant occurred between you?"

"Hem! yes, a little something."

"Then, listen. Your wife was just now at my store. She said you were overrun with mice and rats, and asked for some poison for them."

"Poison!" cried Herr Blitz, with a shudder. "Poison!"

"Her strange manner attracted my attention," continued the druggist. "She was pale, nervous, and her eyes had an unusual, wild expression; and, furthermore, she said I should not tell you that she had come for the poison."

"She said that, did she?—Ah, Katy! Katy!—And you—you gave her the poison, did you?"

"I told her we had none prepared at the moment, and asked her to return in an hour."

"You did quite right, quite right, neighbor."

"But, when she returns, what shall I do?"

Herr Blitz walked to and fro for a minute or two, in a very thoughtful mood; then suddenly his face lighted up with a complacent smile, and he replied:

"Let us turn the would-be tragic into the comic. Poison is white; so is sugar. My wife wants poison; give her pulverized sugar instead, and tell her it is poison. We will see what kind of vermin she wants to exterminate, and whether she," he continued, in a disconsolate tone, "whether she puts me in the vermin category."

"It would be terrible," replied the apothecary. "But now I must hasten home, that I may be there when Frau Catharina returns."

The druggist had scarcely reached his little store, when Frau Catharina returned and received from his hands the ominous powder.

VII.

Herr Blitz was deeply moved by the intelligence brought him by the apothecary. This terrible discovery pained him to the heart, for he loved his wife, in spite of her numerous faults. Was she not the mother of his children, and the companion of many a happy hour? As for her scolding and causeless fault-finding, he allowed neither to trouble him more than the buzzing of the flies of a hot summer's day.

"But I do not believe—no, I cannot believe," he soliloquized, heaving a sigh—"that Katy would poison me, her lawful and loyal husband, like a common rat. She is violent and rash; but, when the moment comes to put her plan into execution, she will remember that I am the father of her two boys, and shrink from the deed." This thought affected him so deeply that he burst into tears; then, struggling to recover his composure, he said: "Well, we will see. I must and will, at all events, not seem to suspect any thing. If she really makes an attempt to poison me, after her failure she will, perhaps, come to a sense of her great wickedness and folly, and that would be a great gain."

He had thrown himself into his arm-chair, and addressed himself to his longest pipe for consolation, when Catharina returned, apparently in her sunniest humor. Yes, in her conjugal thoughtfulness and

amiability, she had even gone so far as to bring from the baker a half-dozen of her husband's favorite tarts, an attention with which he seemed much pleased. He immediately attacked one of them; but, finding it rather sour, he begged her to sprinkle a little more sugar on it.

Frau Catharina went, with cheerful alacrity, to a cupboard in one corner of the room, and took—to the horror and consternation of her husband, who watched her closely—a little package from her bosom, and sprinkled a portion of its contents on the tart. He thanked Heaven now for the apothecary's wise precaution, at the same time deciding to continue to act the part he had begun, and to give his wife a representation of what would have happened, but for the deception that had been practised upon her. He therefore took the tart from Catharina's hand and ate it, and, as he did so, he saw that she involuntarily changed color and shuddered. This encouraged him to go on; so, having finished eating the tart, he turned to Catharina, and said:

"That was very nice. Put some sugar on another, and give it to me, my dear."

She hesitated a moment, then went resolutely to the cupboard and sprinkled another tart with the contents of the paper. He took it with a sigh, and proceeded to eat it; but suddenly he cried out, like one seized with an intense pain.

"What is the matter?" asked Catharina, becoming deathly pale, and trembling in every limb.

"Oh, I am dying!" cried Herr Blitz, and fell, with many a groan, to the floor, rolling and writhing apparently in terrible agony.

"Thomas! Thomas!" screamed Catharina, like one awakening from a dream, and glancing around wildly. "Thomas! no, no! you must not die! Oh, my dear, dear husband!"

"It is too late; I am dying. It already begins to grow dark before my eyes. I feel that my last hour has come!"

Catharina knelt beside him, and wept and sobbed aloud. Awakened out of her moral inebriation, she now felt all the torments of remorse and despair, and saw how dear the man was to her whom she, a moment before, had sought to destroy. Now, as she knelt beside her moaning husband, every considerable event of her married life seemed present to her recollection; she saw herself a poor young girl, and then a rich man's wife; she saw with what love and tenderness he had gratified her every rational wish, and she remembered, with tearful eyes, his joy when she presented him with their first-born. At the recollection of her children, Catharina lost all control over herself. She cried aloud in her agony, and clung convulsively to the dying man. Her anguish encouraged Blitz to continue, and, if possible, make the severity of her punishment commensurate with the wickedness of her intent.

"Oh, my last hour has come!" he moaned. "Call Julia, that I may say farewell to her."

Catharina hastened out to find Julia, and Blitz improved the opportunity to assume a more comfortable position. Catharina soon returned with Julia, whom Blitz called to his side, and spoke a word to in a whisper; then he cried out:

"O Julia, my daughter, I am dying! but do not weep for me. Through my death you will not be left without protection; you will still have a mother. Ah, I know my Katy! She is a kind, good woman; you will always have a home under her roof; she will always be a generous and affectionate mother to you.—Will you not, Katy? You will always love Julia as your own daughter, will you not?"

"Oh, I will, I will!" sobbed Frau Catharina.

"Swear to me that you will!" gasped Herr Blitz. "Swear to me to treat Julia as your own child, and, when she marries, to give her as much as you would give your own daughter. Swear this to me, that I may die in peace!"

"Oh, I swear it, I swear it!" replied Catharina, solemnly.

"Thank Heaven! Now I can die in peace," whispered Herr Blitz, apparently nearly arrived at his last gasp. "Now go, Julia, and leave me with your aunt Katy. I would be alone with her at the last moment."

Julia withdrew, leaving Catharina alone with the dying man, whose groaning to her was more terrible than would have been the blasts of the final trumpet. Wringing her hands in the agony of despair, she knelt beside her husband and prayed:

"O Thou, who art over all, have mercy on me! I am a sinner and a criminal, but at this hour my punishment is terrible to bear. In Thy hand alone are life and death. Oh, listen to my prayer this once, and preserve to me this good man, whose wife I am unworthy to be! Give him life, and take mine instead, if Thou wilt!"

"I can hold out no longer," said Herr Blitz, raising up and pressing Catharina to his generous bosom. "Look up, Katy—it was only an ugly dream; what the apothecary gave you was nothing but sugar."

Katy threw her arms convulsively around his neck, and clung to him as though she feared there was still danger of her losing him.

"You are not dead? not dying?" she sobbed. "Heaven has heard my prayer. Oh, my dear husband, I am a great criminal! But I am very repentant; you shall never again have cause to complain of me. You will, you must forgive me!"

"O good Heavens!" cried Herr Blitz, smiling through his tears, "do not weep, Katy. I shall always be, as I always have been, your good-natured old blockhead. In future you may scold me as much as you like, call me all the ugly names you please; I shall not mind it, for now I know you really love me, and that you would mourn my death."

"But can you, can you forgive me?" she asked. "Ah! I was under the influence of some evil genius; I had lost all control over myself; I knew not what I did. It was not till I saw you pale, and, as I thought, dying, before me, that I awoke from my delirium and saw myself on the brink of an abyss."

"From this time henceforth, let us travel life's journey hand in hand, Katy," said Herr Blitz, in a tone full of deep feeling. "Believe me, there are no snares and pitfalls, no irremediable ills, for two married people who go on their way side by side. The one helps the other forward, and cheers him on until they reach the final goal, and they lie down in eternal sleep after their pilgrimage here below."

Catharina continued to weep bitterly, and to cling to her husband's neck.

"Come, dry your tears," said he. "Let us rather laugh than weep, for this is the day of our reunion. Yes, this shall be a joyous day, not only for us, but also for our daughter Julia. She remains your daughter just the same—does she not—if I do not die?" Catharina nodded an affirmative, and Herr Blitz continued: "Yes, she shall remain our daughter, and the portion you promised to give her shall be hers; for she needs it, as she is about to be married to one of the handsomest and noblest young fellows in the world—a painter. But I think you already know him; he met you this morning in the garden."

"He—" cried Frau Catharina, with a shudder.

"Was Julia's betrothed," interrupted Herr Blitz; "and he says you received him so kindly that he feels confident you will not raise any objections to his union with Julia. Let us call the young people, and fix their wedding-day."

He called Julia and Edward. When the door opened and the youthful couple entered the room, Catharina, confused and ashamed, hid her face on her husband's breast.

"My children," said Herr Blitz, "this day week shall be your wedding-day. Your aunt Katy insists that your union need not be deferred; so get married without delay. Neither blessings nor dowry shall be wanting; Katy demands that Julia shall be portioned as though she were our own child."

As Julia and Edward, in their joy, were about to express their thanks to Frau Catharina, she raised her head, and said:

"The wedding shall be this day week on one condition."

"And that is?" asked Herr Blitz.

Catharina put her arms around her husband's neck, and said:

"That you bring our boys home from boarding-school, and make two as honest and generous carpenters of them as their father is."

"Katy!" cried Herr Blitz, and now he was really deathly pale, but this time with joy and gladness, "Katy, our dear boys—"

Here his voice failed him, for big tears—tears of paternal joy—choked his utterance.

LITERATURE OF FICTION.*

II.

FEMALE NOVELISTS.

EVEN this, our casual survey of the Field of Fiction, indicates a remarkable and interesting fact, viz., that the most characteristic and benign elements of the modern novel owe their origin to

* Mr. Tuckerman's first paper on this topic appeared in JOURNAL No. 196.

the tact, intuitive insight, minute observation, and tender heart, of woman. Herein she has found an appropriate and congenial sphere, and memorably vindicated both the intellect and influence of her sex. Clever female writers, in this department, have long been recognized and renowned; but few are aware of the original claims and interesting development of what may be called the romance of society as initiated and advanced by womanly genius. Her perception, satire, sprightliness, sentiment, and sense, first gave the example and the impulse, and ever since have enlarged and elevated the sphere of fiction. If, at first, an overstrained sensibility, and an exclusive romanticism, through her, made this class of books objectionable, nobly did she lead the reaction and illustrate the reform. Hallam traces the modern novel to Calprenede and Madame Seudery; "Pol-yandre" appeared in 1632; "Grand Cyrus" and "Clelia," each ten volumes, in 1635; and "Cassandra" in 1642. The "Princess de Clèves," says St.-Beuve, by Madame de Lafayette, "has survived them all, and remains the first, in point of time, of our delightful fictions." Thenceforth it was felt and admitted that "any moderately-refined and sensitive soul, who shall dare to write unaffectedly, possesses the materials for a good novel." Although the pioneer female novelist of England was not so pure and gracious as the French, her coarseness was rarely imitated, and soon entirely forgotten in the refinements of her successors. It is a singular proof of the unconscious way of average taste and ethics over individual instincts, that Scott's friend, the old lady for whom he procured a copy of Mrs. Aphra Behn's once popular novels, "found it impossible to endure, at the age of fourscore, what at sixteen she, like all the fashionable world of the time, had perused without an idea of impropriety." Much of Aphra's want of delicacy was owing, indeed, to the age in which she lived; she was one of the playwrights of the Restoration; Charles II. was her admiration, and employed her as a spy in Holland, where she elicited important information from Dutch lovers, whom she ridiculed in her private correspondence. Her first experience was a visit to Surinam, where her father had the appointment of lieutenant-general, and, though he died before reaching his post, the brief sojourn of his daughter filled her mind with tropical pictures, which she effectively reproduced in "Oroonoko," one of the earliest English novels in vogue. Speculative as regards matters of faith, handsome, early a widow, fond of pleasure, a coquette, and breathing an atmosphere more or less licentious, whatever were her personal virtues or vices, over both which time has drawn a veil, there was little in her surroundings or in her experience to chasten and elevate, and much to pervert and demoralize. Her ideal of fiction was very narrow, however glowing, and she soon acquired the reputation of "a female Wycherley." "As love," she declares, "is the most noble and divine passion of the soul, so it is that to which we justly attribute all the satisfactions of life, and, without it, man is unfinished and unhappy." Upon this text Aphra Behn expatiated, to the apparent delight of her contemporaries, and the scandal of later generations; but without a talent adequate to preserve from neglect either play, tale, or novel; descriptive merits chiefly redeem the latter, which now only serve as landmarks of obsolete taste.

Sarah Fielding, a sister of the famous Henry, translated Xenophon, and published a story which Richardson revised. It was modelled on the narrative style, of which "Gil Blas" is the best exemplar. Of its hero it has been truly said that he is utterly "apathetic, except from sensitiveness to right and wrong;" for then began that "moral purpose" which distinguishes English fiction, exhibited with a *malice* and prolixity wearisome to the modern reader; character was subordinate, dialogue lacked point and ease, sentiment was the inspiration; but, however superseded, this early woman's story marks the transition from the coarse to the refined in fiction; its title at once suggests its range and method: "The Adventures of David Simple, containing an Account of his Travels through the Cities of London and Westminster, in the Search of a Real Friend, by a Lady." This method of stringing adventures upon a voyage of discovery is peculiar to the early English novel, and has been more or less followed to the present time, from "Celebs in Search of a Wife," and "Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque," to "Japhet in Search of a Father." In 1752 was born a female writer who, very early, and with spontaneous instinct, began to search for character—for traits of society, the record whereof expanded and vitalized the novel into new significance. When fifteen years old, Fanny Burney kept a journal, wherein she noted the piquant and absurd things said and done

around her; and, watching the actors from Mrs. Garrick's box, composed scenes and incidents adapted to them, according to her quick though childish fancy; both processes were the unconscious intuitions of an embryo novelist, which, when she was twenty-six, suddenly blossomed to life in "Evelina." Keen and constant observation won the materials, and a lively, satirical mind rendered them effective in description. Cool and self-possessed, bright and social, this demure and *petite* daughter of an accomplished musical professor, who had the *entree* into the best London society, was admirably endowed and situated to glean in the ripe harvest-field of Fiction: her pictures of manners and character, drawn from life, established the fame of the novel of society. The pet of Dr. Johnson, a maid of humor to Queen Charlotte, the wife and widow of a noble French *émigré*, the *protégée* of a literary clique, familiar with Garrick and Hannah More, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Montague, and Mrs. Chapone—admired by Burke and Reynolds, Sheridan and Erskine, acquainted with Madame de Genlis, Talleyrand, De Staël, and Chateaubriand, and the survivor of all she best loved, Fanny Burney had every social privilege and contemporary encouragement.

Her novel of "Cecilia" so interested Mrs. Delany that, through her, an introduction to the queen obtained the appointment which, after five years of wearisome etiquette, she resigned to recruit her health. She had not the robustness of Fielding, nor the grace of Goldsmith; indeed, never seems to have known youth in its unalloyed freshness and feeling; but she had a realistic sense; she could see clearly if not deeply, and hear with discrimination; and she lived in the most close and constant relations with the representative people of her time—literary, political, fashionable, artistic, and courtly; and authentically transferred their portraits, talk, and traits, more effectively than the experiment had ever been tried before; and thus not only set a fascinating example of observant and correct social limning, but did this without an inkling of the grossness and dullness of her masculine rivals: if cold, she was pure; if satirical, she was delicate; and, therefore, widened the range and clarified the atmosphere of popular fiction.

Dr. Franklin once called to see the author of "Evelina," and she long regretted her absence from home, which deprived her of the pleasant privilege of conversing with the American patriot and philosopher. At Streatham she was a favorite; Mrs. Thrale first recognized her merit, declaring she liked the new novel better than Madame Riccoboni's tales; and Boswell's idol one day astonished the somewhat prudish authoress by a chaste salute. From 1752 to 1840 she knew all the pleasures and piquancy of English and French society, at Passy and in London was more or less courted and cared for, suffered privations and attained distinction, and met bereavements, which made her life one of as much vicissitude as of fame. There is something pathetically characteristic of her temperament and mind in the remark, in her diary, after the death of D'Arbly, her high-toned, loyal, and accomplished husband, with whom she had so long shared exile, straitened means, domestic comfort, and social honor. Standing, with her boy—not destined to long life—beside the dead father, she writes: "The sight of his stillness kept me from distraction. Sacred he appeared; and his stillness, I thought, should be mine, and be inviolable."

But the human mind craves more romantic food; the imagination has needs as imperative as the perceptive faculties; and scarcely was the successful novel of society born when that of the picturesque and poetical came forth, happily also from a womanly, though comparatively uncultured, source. In the year 1764, a Gothic story excited unusual interest, because it was discovered to be from the vivacious pen of Horace Walpole; and, in imitation of his "Castle of Otranto," Clara Reeves wrote and published "The Old English Baron." However defective it may appear in the light of later and highly-artistic pictures of mediæval and feudal life, this tale appealed then successfully to the innate love of the marvellous and the adventurous in remote baronial life; long after it ceased to interest adults, it was the delight of the young. The sphere it occupied, the feeling to which it was addressed, were singularly congenial to a "little lady"—Anne Ward—of refined but limited education, who had, at the age of twenty-three, married an Oxford graduate, the proprietor and editor of a leading London journal, who fortunately appreciated and encouraged his wife's talents and tastes. Unlike Fanny Burney, Mrs. Radcliffe never enjoyed any literary society of note, lived secluded from the fashionable world, was thoroughly domestic in her habits, and,

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beyond the comforts and amenities of a sequestered English home, was indifferent to external excitements, except those of travel, which was her chief recreative resource; and this was owing, in no small measure, to her delight in scenery, her love of old traditional edifices, and that zest of adventure for which a journey into new scenes is almost the only expedient available to modern civilization. So vivid was the imaginative faculty, so large, as the phrenologists would say, the organ of marvellousness, that, without the discipline of study, with little knowledge of books, and still less of life and society, Mrs. Radcliffe, sitting by the fire through the long, lonely evenings, waiting for her husband, whose editorial labors often detained him far into the night, absorbed her consciousness, and occupied her time by imaginative composition, of which the fruit was a series of extraordinary narratives—the most impressive, Scott declared, ever written in the same vein—often incorrect in a topographical and utterly vague in an historical point of view, rarely successful in distinct or remarkable characterization, and far from ingenious in what may be called the mechanism of the wonderful, and yet so picturesque in their scenic and so magnetic in their emotional traits as to impart to the reader both the sentiment and the sensation born in the writer's imagination. We doubt if she could have achieved this result, had she, as some of her critics desire, been more highly educated; we doubt if literary accomplishment could have coexisted with such *naïve* emotion, or if more familiarity with life and society would not have checked her infectious *abandon* when dealing with awe and tenderness, and describing the supernatural. She is an instance of what womanly delicacy can do to atone for inadequate training, of how a natural instinct of the human heart can find effective expression even without much culture or experience, provided the natural sensitiveness and refinement of a woman's nature are intact. Mrs. Radcliffe's inspiration was a genuine sensibility to the beautiful, the wonderful, the adventurous. However little an *élève* of art, she was, in this regard, a child of Nature, whose voice, however latent, she only heard and emphatically interpreted; thus adding to the English novel, already rich in social pictures, the ineffable charm of imaginative, picturesque, and inspiring impressions, long since neglected for more finished and artistic creations, but still instinct with a native force and feeling that mark an era in English fiction. And yet so unambitious and modest, as well as contented of soul, was Anne Radcliffe that, after writing her remarkable romances (the first in 1789), after leading thousands of thrilled hearts and haunted minds through "The Romance of the Forest," "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and "The Sicilian Romance," giving eight years to a kind of novel-writing which, more than any other, is the offspring of a fine imagination, and creating, for the English school of fiction at least, verbal landscape, as a vital element thereof, she laid aside her pen, gave years to the enjoyment of travel in Britain and on the Continent, noting faithfully her impressions, and returned home to such complete retirement that she was currently believed to be dead years before her demise.

A woman of quite diverse experience next added to the social romantic pictures and marvellous elements of English fiction, thus effectively contributed by her sex, one not less essential—the pathos involved in that conflict of pride and tenderness, of perversity and passion, which so complicates and deepens the sentiment of love. Elizabeth Simpson, born in 1756, to beauty and intelligence added the varied experience of life incident to the dramatic profession; the wife and early the widow of Inchbald, an actor of only average merit, and correct in morals, she combined with rare sensibility a capricious temper, with benevolent instincts self-will, with womanly charms a somewhat perverse disposition; undisciplined by education, and familiar with all the shifts and vicissitudes of a London stage-life and limited pecuniary resources, she was brought in contact with human nature under various aspects; with many poor relations, to whom her kindness was constant and self-sacrificing; isolated and independent, childless, with maternal feelings strong in her heart, attractive, coquettish, yet chaste and benign, after having written some partially successful plays, she went to work, as she confesses, not without much difficulty, owing to the want of literary training, to tell a story which she had in her mind, and the tone, if not many of the traits, of which were born in her consciousness. A singular directness of purpose, a sincere desire to make the facts and the feeling of the narrative *real*, seem to have answered, in some respects at least, as well as consummate art. Here, as in the former instances, womanly qualities imbued the tale with reality, gave it emotional life. It is the first example of that

play of character, that alternation of moods and motives, that struggle between pride and vanity, love and reflection, which, intimately revealed, has such fascination in its processes and results for the sympathetic reader. Miss Milner is a character in the psychological sense, and so is her priest lover, Dorriforth. Only a woman of sensibility and experience could have so minutely detailed the life of their hearts, revealed the secrets of their consciousness, and made the history of their passion so affecting. Open to criticism on many points, both literary and artistic, as is "The Simple Story," its appeal to what is tender and true in human nature is so genuine that the cool analyst is disarmed, and lured to recognition of the faith and feeling, the fondness and despair, in two eager, exacting, devoted, but perverse human hearts. The magnetism of the story is its *pathos*, wherein few works of fiction excel this of Mrs. Inchbald's, who gave to this quality a new charm, and a hitherto unappreciated value as a means and method of imparting vital human interest to fiction. "Nature and Art," though similar in tone, is less complete and impressive in this regard. "The Simple Story" marks a transition period in novel-writing, when the mutual interaction of character, softened and inspired by sentiment, creates a new world of emotional experience.

But this notable triumph of sentiment ushered in what is far more akin to English character—a reaction to sense; and the very medium which was identified with romance became that whereby the understanding was to be evoked into ascendancy. Maria Edgeworth, descended from a race which historically includes the extremes of opinion—from "Protestant Harry" to the *abbé* whose benediction soothed the death-pang of Louis XVI.—went to Ireland when a young girl, and even then saw clearly before her an educational mission, not only as the daughter of a landed proprietor bent on the strict performance of his duties in the midst of an ignorant peasantry and in an impoverished country, but as one of a large household of children whose instruction was to be mainly domestic. One of the first and strongest convictions of her mind was the expediency of controlling the ardor of temperament to which so much of the improvidence and so many of the misfortunes of the land were to be ascribed. Reason and conscience were to be developed, enthusiasm and passion restrained. To teach a much-needed lesson of industry, honesty, and obedience, Maria Edgeworth wrote a series of juvenile books, which, in both Old and New England, half a century ago, were not only the delight of the nursery, but the admiration of the drawing-room, so that hers was a household name and fame in two hemispheres. Her prudential ideal was quite accordant with Puritan proclivities; and not until long after she had captivated and influenced countless family *régimes* did it dawn upon the second thought of youth that, by so exclusive a reliance on "self-interest rightly understood," the spontaneous, the aspiring, the self-forgetting enthusiasm of the soul, were made frigid by calculation and formalized by rule. Still the good achieved was incalculable, though the aim was too material and the scope too narrow; and, above all, the motive was high and pure, the example invaluable, and the execution more clever than any preceding experiment of the kind. And, when Miss Edgeworth turned from childhood to society, when she essayed to paint the life of men and women, utility still guided her pen; in novels, as in juvenile tales, she aimed at inculcating practical truth, advocating morality, demonstrating the superiority of sense over sentiment as a motive of action and a means of prosperity. Such a fixed purpose is opposed to the glow of passion, but not to the gleam of fancy; it deprecates vague emotion, but it gives scope to vigorous and vivid pictures of actual life and manners. And it is the high and peculiar distinction of Maria Edgeworth that she first clearly conceived and effectively illustrated national life in fiction, a new and noble advance in this kind of literature. Her "Castle Rackrent," by its true and interesting delineation of actual Irish life, and its authentic portraits of Irish character, became a memorable precedent. Sir Walter Scott frankly and gracefully acknowledged that the example of Miss Edgeworth led to the publication of "Waverley," and inspired him with the desire and purpose of doing for Scottish what she had done for Irish life, scenery, manners, and history. Thus to a woman we owe another and most important feature of the modern novel. As to the sources of her peculiar merits and demerits as a writer of fiction, apart from a rare and quick intelligence, a keen observation, and a power of vigorous and fluent expression, they are to be found in her exceptional life. Her taste was formed, her mental development guided, and her literary experiments encouraged, by her father—a man of sense, of experience, of conscientiousness, but emi-

nently practical and egotistic. His knowledge of life made up for her ignorance of the world; his utilitarian principles and example confirmed in her the growth of a "manly understanding;" his four marriages, and theory that friendship and good sense were the best guarantees of matrimonial happiness, and propriety, rather than passion, its legitimate vestibule, did much to chasten and cool whatever latent romance on the subject nestled in the kind, true heart of the daughter. There is, perhaps, no instance more illustrative of the possible modification of female instincts and the development of woman's intellect by intimate association with one of the other sex in study, affairs, domestic duties, and literary work, than that of Miss Edgeworth. Filial confidence, respect, and sympathy, made this influence paramount and pervasive. Judgment and wisdom are her most obvious qualities; wholly unaffected, free from vanity, her mind became strong and active; she had no lovers, nor apparently wished for any; her domestic attachments and duties seemed to fill up the cycle of her being; she wrote, not to indulge a vein of tenderness, not to win sentimental admirers, not to romanticize, but to utilize life. The scenes of her work were the same whence Goldsmith drew his picture of "The Deserted Village," but how diverse the tones and hues thereof to the consciousness of each! And yet in the vigorous style of Maria Edgeworth there is an unmistakable womanly quality. She gave to novel-writing a certain robust and wholesome character; she made it the vehicle of practical truth; she stripped therein the illusions from vulgarity, meanness, duplicity, and arrogance, however concealed by outward elegance of manner or the blandishments of wealth and rank; she illustrated the serenity of conscience and the dignity and power of self-reliance; she preached the gospel of Common-sense and made emphatic the triumph of Prudence; and what this achievement lacked in imaginative charm was atoned for by wit, by vivacity, and a certain grace eminently feminine. As an artist she has bequeathed authentic and suggestive pictures of local manners vital with truth and spirit such as will permanently serve for reference and illustration as well as afford a gracious and instructive resource to lovers of standard fiction; while to their author belongs the distinctive fame of having founded the national novel.

Two endeared representatives of the novels of sense and sentiment intervened both to emphasize and refine the characteristics thus auspiciously initiated. Amella Opie, almost as destitute of practice and style in literature as Mrs. Inchbald, wrote several works of fiction, chiefly in the form of tales, distinguished by a like tenderness and a pious spirit; she also owed her success to a womanly power of engaging the feelings of the reader independent of dramatic skill or high finish. What the stage did for the author of "The Simple Story," the assizes held at Norwich, her early home, seem to have effected for the author of "Father and Daughter"—given the insight and knowledge of critical events and moving experience. Mrs. Opie's father was a physician; her husband a portrait-painter, and she herself became a Quakeress, though the latter creed did not prevent her mingling freely with and fully enjoying society. With some of the foibles, she possessed an uncommon share of the sweet and true sympathies of her sex; and, by virtue thereof, "knew how to appeal to the heart." Pretty, kindly, and vivacious, she was not what we now call a "superior woman" in the intellectual sense of the phrase, neither was she "literary," as that term is used to indicate knowledge of books; and still less had she any claim to the title of philosophical, for not by erudition, nor deep thought, nor high culture, did she attain popularity in fiction; but, like her peerless sisters in the art, derived her "simple, natural pathos of every-day life" from her genuine and pure womanly instincts.

Jane Austen, on the other hand, owes her exceptional fame to acute observation and patient art; not that she was deficient in the grace and gentleness of a true woman, but because she had a very clear perception of whatever came under her observation, and a singular faithfulness and nicety in its verbal reproduction. She first impressively made evident the possibility of making pictures of life interesting by virtue of fidelity of delineation instead of novelty of incident; conscious of her limited range of experience, and wise as well as modest in her ambition, she was content to work carefully on such materials as she could fully command—the life, characters, and scenes of a rural vicarage and county-town, amid which she was born and bred. To an unartistic mind, probably no sphere would seem more hopeless for romance or even characterization; but Jane Austen

made up for its commonplace routine and narrow interests by the minute study and apt use of its traits and transitions; she was wont to call her experiments "miniature work," because of the small space, the comparatively narrow field wherein she was content to find her subjects. But the delicacy of her touch, the accuracy of her drawing, and the truth of her traits, made up for any lack of grandeur or variety in the composition. Her culture was that of a gentlewoman of her day; Dr. Johnson was her favorite prose and Cowper her chosen poetic writer; she appreciated the moral wisdom of the one and the domestic philosophy of the other; the want of refinement in Fielding repelled her; and, while she considered Richardson tiresome, she had a decided partiality for "Sir Charles Grandison." Of Nature, she certainly was not an enthusiastic votary; her *tableaux* of character and sketches of life are so predominant that, unlike Mrs. Radcliffe, she neither felt nor included the picturesque as an adjunct to the human element in fiction. Like Maria Edgeworth, she seems to have been inspired with a conviction that sentiment is the bane of her sex, and sentimentality the normal weakness of fictitious writing; so she gently, but none the less effectually, satirized them in her novels, showing how often the imagination deludes in estimating character, and how completely passion blinds the judgment; to bring the latter into play, and vindicate its ordeal in the fortunes of her heroines, was Miss Austen's great aim; and this she did through no climax or concentration, no dramatic transitions or startling catastrophes, but in a very practical way, and by ordinary processes; for her characters are the reverse of extraordinary—average types of rural gentility, creatures of provincial habits, moulded by the conventionalities, excited by the gossip, and trained by the virtues of English life, such as it was sixty or a hundred years ago, in the shire-towns and country-homes. We read these quiet, and now somewhat quaint, but minutely-authentic records, with curious interest, because it is like living at that period and among those people; they make us not so much imagine as realize that life; and, in doing so, we recognize a true artist in Jane Austen, and one who first fairly illustrated the wonderful effects of Delicacy—both in observation and description—in analyzing the sway of motives and exhibiting the superiority of wisdom even in what are called "affairs of the heart," which, according to this clever and gracious writer, should also be affairs of the head. The very titles of these cabinet-studies of character show at once the tact and scope of this sequestered, observant, apt, pure, and modest woman, who appears to have been a household favorite, as ingenious with her hands as her tongue, nice with the needle, and equally inventive as a children's story-teller, cheerful, affectionate, religious—a fine specimen of the English lady of the middle class—in the most refined circle of that wholesome, rational, and uneventful country-life, which is the most salubrious perhaps of our day. Probably false sentiment and exaggerated romance have never found a more insinuating antidote than that so deftly applied in "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," and the other novels of Jane Austen.

The advent of a very different writer closed, or rather carried on to the present, the charming line of female novelists. In 1778 Sydney Owenson was born on the Irish Sea; her father was Celtic, her mother English; the attractive child of an actor, *petite*, like Fanny Burney and Maria Edgeworth, with expressive eyes and a lively temperament, she made her *début* as a novelist in "The Wild Irish Girl," which, with all its extravagance, had a beauty of detail and a freshness and genuineness about it that evinced rare descriptive power. As the wife of an English surgeon, Lady Morgan soon became as well known in society as in literature; was famed and persecuted as a political essayist; her "Travels" soon eclipsed her novels; and in London, Paris, and Milan, she was the centre of literary, political, and more or less fashionable circles; and enjoyed a remarkable social prestige to extreme old age. It is the distinction of Lady Morgan to have given a decided impulse to the vivacious and speculative element in fiction.

This remarkable female accomplishment and equipment in novel-writing culminated in the writings of Madame Dudevant, who has been declared, by competent critics, the most influential, if not the most characteristic, of modern French authors. Unfortunately for her immediate cosmopolitan appreciation, she first wrote and published with the reckless enthusiasm of a social reformer and wronged woman, with a license and an audacity that shocked readers of Anglo-Saxon principles; and it is only during the last few years that her transcendent merits have been justly recognized by the English and Americans. As her mind worked itself clear of the first passionate

protest, her artistic powers attained a scope, a dignity, and a grace, which mark an era, not only in the literature of fiction, but in the intellectual sway of her sex. Not only are many of her novels wholly free from objection on account of immoral tendencies, but not a few nobly illustrate vital truths, delineate life, character, and art, opinion, society, and vocation, and vindicate essential principles with a finished and lucid eloquence unsurpassed in our day. George Sand is now appreciated as an *artiste intérieure plutôt qu'extérieure*; and as a woman, *si simple, si bonne, si familière, si peu excentrique*, that the partial and prejudiced estimate once in vogue has all but disappeared; her errors are forgotten in the excellence of her mature achievements, and the calm and gracious tenor of her later years. She justly remarks to one of her correspondents, in allusion to the gross exaggerations and misapprehensions of which she was long the subject: "Our work of analysis, to all who engage in it seriously, involves the necessity both of self-devotion and self-defence." We must discriminate, even while we condemn, the works of one thus conscious of an artistic aim and mission, and whose industry, earnestness, and loyalty to conviction and an ideal, should absolve her from vulgar censure. There is need of charity and insight in realizing the process through which such a nature gradually but certainly lifts itself out of and above evil into good, and redeems the bad results of temperament and circumstances by rectitude and aspiration; the cause of freedom, progress, and truth, is immeasurably her debtor, and the pure and high nature of Elizabeth Browning bravely and truly defined her as a "large-brained woman and large-hearted man." Comprehensive and exquisite is the art that can draw so naïve a rustic portrait as "Le Petite Fadette," and analyze and illustrate the musical soul and sense of "Consuelo;" give us such a Flemish and dramatic picture of winter in the north as "L'Homme de Neige," and the psychology of a special vocation, with all its accessories and intimate atmosphere, as in such books as "Les Maitres Sonneurs," and "Les Maitres Moisaistes," wherein the local tints and tones are as delicately authentic as the individual life is magnetic to the reader's consciousness. If her love-romances are too free and fervid, they are often intensely true to fact and character; and what revelation of modern conventional life is comparable in accurate detail and salient verity to her "Horace?" Who has succeeded in an analytical development and description of passion in its latent soulful experience, as well as external conflicts and conditions, equal to "Lucrezia Floriani?" We have referred to the rare combination of qualities requisite for absolute success in the literature of fiction; and it is because George Sand more completely possesses them, that she bears the palm: first of all, her insight is deep and keen; then her imagination is rich and refined; to the quick and patient observation of a woman, she adds the reflective concentration of a masculine intellect; intuitive tact is united in her with rare method and indomitable industry; and the skill and eye of an artist are adjuncts of broad human sympathies and aspirations for advancement and amelioration; from which capacities and culture results thorough work, clearly defined as to its plan, earnestly conceived as to its purpose, carefully executed as to its art; and, withal, so versatile that it includes the elucidation and illustration of each extreme of social condition, of every prominent question in economy, politics, and religion, and an infinite diversity of scene and sentiment. Such, in a generous view, are the literary claims of George Sand, which unite and complement the traits and triumphs of the novelistic art; for we are as much charmed by her sense as her sentiment, her picturesqueness as her sympathy, her psychological as her pictorial skill; by the outline as by the atmosphere of her story, by the originality as by the human truth of her characters, by her satire as by her pathos, by her method as by her style; that is, one or other of these elements of fiction continually rises to our minds in peerless force or beauty, until we know and feel the creative, complete, and harmonious presence and power of a great artist. Yet, such a statement as this, while it accounts for the admirable execution of her works, does not explain their influence and individuality; these we believe to be mainly owing, in the last analysis, to her *love of and faith in Nature*, not merely through sentiment as a mysterious source of beauty, but through science as a means of knowledge, and through sympathy as an inspiration of truth. The native tastes, the prevalent habits, the real life of George Sand are identified with Nature; therein she finds her most congenial refreshment, her freest scope; the feeling and the wisdom therein born overflow in description, give vitality to local pictures, harmo-

nize and humanize alike her personal experience and her written thought. It is by virtue of this perception and love of the natural that she has carried forward into detailed and dominant expression and influence the instinctive reaction to the true, the human, the progressive, and the free, so memorably initiated by Rousseau.

The more profound and artistic development of fiction, thus manifested in France, has been signally exemplified in England by Mrs. Lewes and Charlotte Brontë. Of the rich and rare combination of characterization and scenic power in the former, we have already spoken; and the latter so deeply recognized the necessity of intense personal experience to make true and vital the literature of fiction, that no praise or pelf could lure her into new experiments, when life had yielded no fresh material, and consciousness no new revelation. What she had really known and felt—that isolated, self-reliant, needy, and latent passionate existence of solitary moor and homely parsonage and haunting aspirations—she had drawn with earnest authenticity, showing how much there is in the least adventurous human life—if it is but soulful—to interest the world; and what dramatic power may exist in the lonely, brave, honest, and resolute heart of a girl, whose spirit has never been cowed by conventionalities, nor her instincts perverted by artificial diffusion.

To these eminent names on the recent roll of female novelists, what a number may be added of pleasant or plaintive, bright or graceful, tender or true women, who have carried on and expanded the literature of fiction, each having a distinctive claim to gratitude and fame, and nearly all morally unexceptionable; some strongly individual in aim; others identified with special spheres and places; and many endeared as household favorites: in the fashionable romance—such writers as Mrs. Gore, Lady Fullerton, Lady Blessington, and Caroline Lamb; in the domestic—Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Craik; in novels of character—Miss Yonge and Julia Kavanagh; in the educational—Grace Aguilar, Miss Jewsbury, and Miss Sewall; from Mrs. Marsh's pathetic to Miss Martineau's practical stories; from the naïve pictures of Mrs., and the Continental sketches of Miss Edwards; from the days of Miss Lee's "Canterbury Tales" to Mrs. Shelley's philosophical romance; from that winsome interplay of character which, while minutely describing German middle-class life, shows how a true-hearted maiden of that race took the conceit out of an English youth, and made a man of him, through love, in "The Initials," to the amusing incarnation of special humanities in Miss Ferrier's "Inheritance" and "Marriage;" from Mary Brunton to Ellen Fickering, from Holme Lee to Mary Mitford, from Madame de Genlis to Mrs. Hoffman, from Letitia Landon to Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Hall, and Miss Broughton—a host of clever women, more or less artistic, have made fiction a sphere both of utility and entertainment. And a glance at the catalogue of their writings, from the days of Charlotte Smith to our own, would recall a surprising amount and quality of literary talent and humane influence, and demonstrate what congenial scope and characteristic inspiration the literature of fiction has proved to the women of modern times; nay, it would serve as one of the most suggestive studies of the sex, and indicate their latent traits and possible triumphs better than volumes of speculation on differences of mental organization, or of advocacy of woman's rights. It is the noble distinction of literature that therein she can find range, eminence, and influence, and still preserve intact the sanctity and charm of womanhood.

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

A FISH-STORY.

IN the Chesapeake and her tribute streams,
Where broadening out to the bay they come,
And the great fresh waters meet the brine,
There swims a fish that is called the drum—
A fish of wonderful beauty and force,
That bites like a steel trap and pulls like a horse.
He is heavy of girth at the dorsal fin,
But tapering downward keen and thin;
Long as a salmon, if not so stout,
And springy and swift as the mountain-trout;
For often at night, in a sportive mood,
He comes to the brim of the moonlit flood,
And tosses a glittering curve aloft,
Like the silver bow of the god—then soft

He plashes deliciously back in the spray,
And tremulous circles go spreading away.

Down by the marge of the York's broad stream,
An old darkey lived, of the ancient *regime*.
His laugh was loud, though his lot was low;
He loved his old master, and hated his hoe.
Small and meagre was this Old Ned,
For many long winters had frosted his head
And bated his force and vigor;
But, though his wool all white had become,
And his face wrinkled up like a wash-woman's thumb,
And his back was bent, he was thought by some
A remarkably hale old nigger.
But he suffered, he said, from a steady attack
Of misery in "de head and pain in de back,"
Till his old master gave him "his time to hisself,"
And the toil-worn old bondaman was laid on the shelf.



"Misery in 'de head and pain in de back.'"

Happy old Edward! his labor was done,
With nothing to do but sit in the sun,
And free to follow his darling wish
Of playing his fiddle and catching his fish.
He had earned his play-time with labor long,
And so, like the other Old Ned in the song,
He "laid down the shovel and the hoe,"
And caught up the fiddle and the bow.

Now, I cannot say
That his style of play
Would suit the *salons* of the present day;
For the *tours de force* of the great Paganini
Have never found favor in "Old Virginny."
He never played a tune that "went slow,"
For he perfectly scorned an *adagio*;
But, with eyes half closed and a time-beating toe,
His elbow squared, and his resinous bow
Not going up high nor going down low,
But sawing quite steadily just in the middle,
He played by the rule
Of the strictest school
Of the old-fashioned, plantation nigger-fiddle.



"The bow-arm stopped."

It happened Old Ned went fishing one day,
And out on the blue,
In his dug-out canoe,
He carried his fiddle along to play.
Long he fished with his nicest art;
There came not a nibble to gladden his heart;
So he tied his line to his ankle tight,
To be ready to haul if a fish should bite,
And seized his fiddle. So sweet did he play
That the waves leaped up in a laugh of spray,
And dimpled and sparkled as if to move
To invisible water nymphs dancing above.
But slower and slower he drew the bow,
And soft grew the music, soft and low;
The lids fell wearily over the eyes;
The bow-arm stopped, and the melodies;
The last strain melted along the deep;
And Ned, the old fisherman, sunk to sleep.



"They were washed ashore by the heaving tide."

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Just then, a huge drum, sent thither by Fate,
Caught a passing gleam of the tempting bait,
And darted upon it with greedy maw,
And ran the hook in his upper jaw.

One terrible jerk of wrath and dread
From the wounded fish, as away he sped
With a strength by rage made double,
And into the water went Old Ned—
No time for any "last words" to be said,
For the waves settled placidly over his head,
And his last remark was a bubble.

Let us veil the struggle beneath the brine
Of the darting fish and the tangling line.
The battle, of course, was a short one, since
Old Ned, not gifted with gills or fins,
And down in the deep, was as much out of place
As a mermaid would be in a trotting-race;
And motionless soon at the bottom he lay,
As mute as the fiddle that floated away.

They were washed ashore by the heaving tide,
And the fishermen found them side by side,
In a common death, and together bound
In the line that circled them round and round—
So looped and tangled together
That their fate was involved in the dark mystery
Of which was the catcher and which the catchee;
For the fish was hooked hard and fast by the gill,
And the darkey was lassoed around the heel,
And each had died by the other.
And the fishermen thought it could never be known,
After all their thinking and figuring,
Whether the nigger a-fishing had gone,
Or the fish had gone a-niggering!

INNES RANDOLPH.

THE AMBER OF SAMLAND.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE stranger who visits the western half of the coast of East Prussia, so noted for the picturesque beauty of its shore, as he looks round from the towering summit of the Fox Peak in the old Warnicker Park with its wealth of primeval giant trees, can, with clear eyesight, descry, a good five miles off, at the foot of Brüstevort Light-house, a group of small black boats standing out with especial distinctness against the sunset glow, and seeming to lie there, motionless, at anchor. As he draws near, however, he will notice on and among these boats a brisk activity which has little in common with ordinary nautical business. We have here the diving-fleet of the young Königsberg and Memel firm of Stantien & Becker.

Before we begin our sketch, however, of the interesting process of diving for amber, the main object of this article, let us take a brief review of the history of amber-hunting.

While our forefathers in mediæval periods set up along the amber-coast certain guide-boards to eternity, laden with all sorts of high pains and penalties, called *gallows*, which somewhat obstructed the enjoyment of natural scenery in this picturesque region, old folks of the first third of this century still tell much interesting matter about the wretched annoyances they had to suffer from the "Shore-Cosacks" of those days, the gamekeepers, so to speak, of the royalty-farmers of the period. These abuses, often excessively unpleasant to the bathing visitors, were brought to an end in 1837 by King Frederick William III., who ordered that the amber-royalty should be turned over to the needy fishermen and peasants of the coast, at a low rent; a right which they went on to use in the manner handed down from immemorial antiquity—by scooping, digging, and spearing.

Matters stood thus when, in 1862, the authorities of the Königsberg provincial administration were surprised, one fine day, by an offer to undertake henceforth the improvement of navigation at Memel in the Cur-haven by dredging, which had hitherto cost considerable sums, and, not only to do this *gratis*, but, moreover, to pay a bonus of twenty-five thalers per working-day, provided the right of collect-

ing amber were included in the contract. This offer, which was readily accepted, proceeded from Messrs. Stantien & Becker, of whom the former, through his position as boatman, had got an insight into the possibilities of the situation.

On the bay-side of Bath Schwarzort, situated some seven miles from Memel on the Cur Flats, where we come on the remains of the old forest which has gone to inevitable ruin by *sanding up*, the headquarters of the enterprise were established, and here the San Francisco of this new East-Prussian California shot up rapidly. An extensive tract was soon covered with the establishments of the new firm—ship-builders' yard, machine-factory, harbor-depot, magazine and warehouse buildings, inspector's dwelling, and laborers' huts.

The process of collection by dredging, now carried on with twelve dredging-machines, is appropriate to the circumstances, and entirely successful. Slowly advancing and going gradually deeper, the system of scoops on either side of the dredger, working at a sharp angle with the bottom of the bay, dig at first a gutter, or trench, in the amber-yielding stratum, and empty out the contents on the accompanying scows, which are provided with a sort of trellised deck. The deeper they go, the richer becomes the yield of the bay-mud thus brought up, till the bed of the amber stratum is reached. Then comes the lighter and yet more remunerative work of the scoop-machinery, which consists of heavy, solidly-forged buckets alternating with others of lighter make pierced with holes like a colander. In the trench, now almost clear of mud, and generally five, or even ten to fifteen feet deep, the heavy buckets with their more rapid circulation create a strong current, which loosens the mineral and draws it partly into these and partly into the immediately succeeding sifting-buckets, from which it is dumped upon the above-mentioned lattice-work deck of the scows. Here the precious treasure-trove is freed from its clinging impurities, to be sent in sacks to Memel for more thorough examination and sifting in the sorting-house.

In this way business goes on day and night with several hundred laborers working by gangs, eight hours each, in all weathers, till the sharp setting in of frost puts a stop to it.

On inquiry into the results of this energetically-managed industry, we find that the average yield of the Schwarzort dredging of late years has been the handsome figure of seventy-five thousand pounds of amber per year of about thirty working-weeks. The actual value, however, of such a mass of this valuable mineral would be hard to compute. For the price per pound varies between ten cents for the poorest material (used for fumigation and the manufacture of varnish), the so-called *sand-rubbish*, or *slack*, and perhaps twenty-five dollars for the finer assorted qualities (for pipe-tips and the like), while for "cabinet pieces" of light straw-colored amber (fancy colors), as with every precious mineral of unusual size and quality, the price rises to incalculable figures.

Amber, the *elektron* (sunstone) of the "Odyssey," which the beautiful Hellenic myth makes out to be the petrified tears of the treeified sisters of Phaeton, the unlucky sun-charioteer—that immemorial fabulous mineral of which the Phœnicians, those shrewd Hebrews of antiquity, managed to keep the monopoly for centuries by spreading terrible stories about the place of its discovery—this natural treasure, once prized as much as gold, gushed forth in that period of creation which we call the tertiary—as an extremely fluid resin from certain coniferous (piny) varieties of the mighty forest which then covered great tracts of the Northern Continent. Continual discoveries, which have been very common of late, of small creatures imprisoned in amber, and frequently caught in the most animated positions, like the instantaneous pictures of modern photography, indicate the rapid flow of the plentifully, perhaps even abnormally, excreted resin. As the enthusiastic archaeologist sees to-day, in the cities which Vesuvius so suddenly overwhelmed, a picture of ancient culture minute and perfect to the smallest item—with just the same delight does the naturalist in his antediluvian researches see in these petrifications a picture never before or since presented of a manifold creation of animalcula preserved in its finest details. Up to the present date he counts one thousand and twenty-four species of that rich creation which perished thousands on thousands of years ago!

From their first cradle, the soil of the amber-forest, and so by the agency of some natural process which we do not yet thoroughly understand, these masses of resin were carried some distance off and deposited at the bottom of the tertiary sea, which little by little enveloped them in a stratum of bluish-clay marl, and completed the gradual process

of their petrification. This now eagerly-sought "blue earth," the modern amber gold-vein, covered over by the strata of the later (diluvial and alluvial) geological periods, is now supposed to permeate the entire peninsula of Samland, which is thus characterized as having risen from the ocean. In the northwestern portion of the peninsula its presence is scientifically demonstrated over perhaps one hundred and fifty square miles and at varying depths, it being along the coast-hills as much as forty feet under water. Granting to this stratum a medium thickness of ten feet, we have here a subterranean treasury of stupendous value. But where did the Baltic Sea get its provision of loose, floating amber which appeared in the world's markets before Nero's famous amber triumph, and which seems even now inexhaustible?

Clearly nowhere else than from this same blue amber-stratum, which, stretching northward, as also some fifty miles westward toward Dantzig, under the ocean-basin, has been, through some sudden grading off of the latter, laid bare and gnawed away by the action of the stormy waves. The waves act here on a large scale, just as do the heavy dredges on a smaller scale in the sand-stratum at Schwarzwort. When the wind sets in the right quarter, the mineral which has been torn from its bed is driven toward the land along with its inseparable companion the sea-tang (amber-weed), and is fished out with bag-nets (*küscher*) by the villagers, whom its appearance calls in haste to the beach. During this operation, the men, standing breast-deep in the water, shake out the contents of the nets to the women and children who stay farther back, to be by them more thoroughly examined—a work which, especially in the late autumn, when the sharp northeast wind turns the spray, which often washes over their heads, to icicles, can hardly be called "sport."

The large pieces of this valuable mineral, however, often sink, wrapped in masses of tang, far outside of the surf, stopped by big stones, by which later they get covered through the sport of the waves. To get at this booty, the amber-hunters wait till complete calm sets in, and then begin the second method, hitherto customary—the so-called *amber-spearing*.

At the earliest dawn of a midsummer's day these busy treasure-seekers may often be seen in their boats, by groups of four or five, bending far over the side, and prying with eager eyes into the briny abyss, to a depth of from ten to thirty feet. Using long spears, with tips of different shapes, or, in case of necessity, with heavy, two-pronged, crooked forks, one party turn up the superincumbent stones, while another set, with similarly long bag-nets, catch and draw out the amber-weed. An unusually rich deposit of the kind, in this case probably amber which has been driven up for centuries and covered with heavy blocks of stone and rubble, exists on a tract of perhaps six hundred paces in length and four hundred in breadth, at the foot of the northwest point of Brüstevort, which is exposed to the conflicting currents of all the waves and winds.

To get at this reef or riff stone, which is greatly valued on account of its beautiful color and quality, all sorts of experiments have been tried. At the instigation of the royal government, attempts were made, in the last century, with divers, but these were soon forced to yield to the unusual inclemency of the climate as well as to the selfish ill-will of the local workmen. As the above-described manipulation of "spearing" proved insufficient, in view of the weight of the superincumbent blocks of stone, recourse was had to heavy nippers and hand-screws, by means of which the colossal rocks were heaved out upon rafts—a wearisome and not always successful forcible measure against the ocean-jewels, which seemed to cling obstinately to the bottom of the sea. Messrs. Stantien & Becker, therefore, who had bought out the spear-contractors, must have gladly welcomed the ingenious diving-apparatus of the French naval captain, Rouquayrol Denayrouze, the practical usefulness of which they had recognized at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. Without delay, a couple of young French mechanicians, well acquainted with diving, were sent to Brüstevort, where they have been since, and where a corps of skilful divers has been formed.

We shall now beg the curious reader, along with a troop of lively and curious bathing-guests, provided with entrance-tickets from the hospitable members of the amber-firm, to accompany us to the reef-edged sea-coast of Brüstevort.

The friendly inspector, Mr. St. —, a merchant of Memel, who lives in exile the greater part of the year, on the storm-beaten Cape Landsend, among people speaking for the most part a foreign

tongue, has straightway packed us all, men and maidens, together, into a great Noah's Ark of a scow, and steers with us toward the diving-fleet, which lies some thousand paces off, listening all the while with evident enjoyment to our merry chat in his dear native high German. Our boat is just swinging round to lay itself broad-side on against one of the air-pumping boats, when a young lady, who had been looking down from our bow into the water, utters a startled shriek.

From out the "stirred waters" had "splashed forth a dripping man," and signed to her with ghostly eyes. And lo! right before our eyes there pops up another of these "scarecrows," notified of our approach by a gentle twitch at his safety-line; and we are forced to confess that, with his shapeless head, and great glass-saucer eyes, he looks more like an antediluvian saurian than a specimen of the modern species *homo sapiens*:

"And he panted long, and he panted deep,
And greeted the heavenly light—"

"From the grave, from the foaming water-cave,
'The hero has managed his soul to save."

However, to go systematically to work, let us first consider the young diver who is just getting dressed for his day's submarine work, a proceeding which seems to our spirits—perhaps slightly affected with elegiac depression from the rocking of the boat—like the toilet of a condemned criminal.

Over a warm, woollen stuff, which covers the whole body, he puts on the India-rubber dress, which is finished in one piece, and which, like the helmet, as the men can work only in an almost reclining position, has received an altered shape, adapted to the circumstances. Whereas, we had seen, the year before, the heavy copper full helmet of the French invention still in use, which, like the oldest awkward knights' helmet, covered head and neck, we now saw a thing like a kettle-drum, which is hermetically screwed on to the hood-like continuation of the India-rubber over the diver's head, and hangs before his face, without burdening the head and the back of the neck. This at the same time renders it possible for the diver, who, by other arrangements, can only breathe in or out through the mouth, to fill the space inside the dress with air by seven or eight expirations through the nose, and so, as we have seen, to come to the surface without assistance. The new helmet, like the old, has three openings, for eyes and mouth, closable by round, air-tight windows, which are screwed in and protected by strong iron-wire gratings. But how does the diver breathe with the French apparatus? Next to the helmet, the diver's most important article of armor is the little black box of strong sheet-iron, fastened on his back like a knapsack. This is his air-reservoir, his artificial trachea, if you choose; for in this reservoir, into which opens the rubber pipe, forty feet long, coming down from the air-pumps, the breathing is regulated by an ingenious valve. This valve lets through at each inspiration only the quantity of air necessary for one breathing, but, at the expiration, it starts up again, and opens a way for the expelled air to escape through a "lip-valve," introduced in the upper corner of the air-box, which immediately closes again.

Our diver now takes tight in his teeth the mouth-piece of the rubber tube, which, starting in a sharp curve from the helmet, enters the air-box at the side; he is then loaded with half a hundred-weight of lead on feet, shoulders, and head, and then—

"Mysterious over the daring swimmer
Closes the gulf."

The crew of the diving-boat, which now comes into play, consists of eight members—two divers, two pair of laborers, who relieve each other at the air-pump, a man who stands holding lightly the safety-line, fastened under the diver's shoulders, watching for the slightest twitch upon it, and the overseer, who receives the amber from the waist-belt of the diver. The air-pump, an improvement on the invention of the philosopher of Magdeburg, consists of two neatly-worked brass cylinders (called *boots*, and of about that size), in which, to make a long description short, a turning valve at the bottom prevents the piston, in its up-and-down movement, from acting likewise as an exhauster. The workmen, using the air-pump as if it were a fire-engine, keep their eyes steadily fixed on the little dial which we see attached to the gunwale in the middle of the diving-boat. This is the manometer, or indicator of atmospheric pressure in the column of air which passes through it into the rubber tube. Too much, in

such a case, as we very well know, may easily be as bad as too little. In view of the care exercised, it is perfectly comprehensible that, with a crew of some sixty divers, and about five hours' daily work under water, only two catastrophes have yet happened in the diving at Brüstevort. We must not, it is true, fail to take into consideration the really iron nature of the people—who are partly recruited from the younger stock of the fishermen living near, and thoroughly used to the sea—but the main contingent of whom is constituted by the Sammaltes, who live about the shores of Curhaven, and whom we have seen before at Schwarzort. These sons of Anak, who every year furnish many a tall fellow for the East Prussian cuirassier regiment, have shown themselves not only water-proof, but often fire-proof as well. They are daring smugglers—especially on sleds—on the carefully-watched neighboring frontier of Russia, and most of them have heard the bullets of the frontier Cossacks whistle about their ears in the dead of night, and have paid back many a lance-thrust with interest. Here the giants seem perfectly contented with their good wages and percentage on exceptional discovery, although diving into the waves with the thermometer below freezing-point cannot certainly be called one of the delights of existence. For all that, they often rise out of the icy flood bathed in perspiration; as the diver, to overcome the resistance of the thickly-piled stones, frequently has to use strong crooked forks, or call to his aid his companion, who works at the end of the other pipe from the same boat, and, in spite of all this, great masses will sometimes turn up, which mock the combined "horse-power" of the athletes.

"It must be a consolation, at all events," we said, turning to Mr. St. —, "that the divers, closely watched as they are, can't steal from you!"

"What can you be thinking of?" he rejoined, with a shrug. "Why, only a few days ago I had to turn off nearly half of them because they were collecting down below—for themselves, and not for us. They buoyed the place where they had left their plunder, and went for it in the night-time. It was only by some one's peaching, that I got wind of it."

When later we entered the inspector's room, we found ourselves surrounded, as in Aladdin's treasure-chamber, by piled-up sacks of the noble sunstone, still unsorted, as it was torn from ocean's bosom. There they all lay together in variegated masses—the great bits, as big as your fist, of light-straw colored, clouded bastard-stone, which, as soon as it was cut, was to swell the priceless treasures of the seraskier's pipe-collection; the clear, bone-colored, veined flat pieces (Flakes), for the classic neck and bosom of the women of Albano, Frascati, and the Eternal City itself, as well as the countless masses of the bright-red and yellow coral-stone, whose wine-golden sparkle, like that of old Tokay or Malaga, shall set off the dark, velvety neck of some Otaheite, Timbuctoo, or Cape-Coast beauty.

The cheaper sorts for fumigation, and the manufacture of the chemically-related products—succinic acid and the brilliant amber-lac—rarely appear at Brüstevort, the source of the "fine wares."

In taking our leave—for we had planned a visit to the quarries, some ten miles off—we bought a small assortment of the native jewels, as a souvenir, as also a material from which to prepare one or two little things for ourselves.

The digging, the last method of collecting amber yet to be mentioned, is carried on at different points of the north and west coast of Samland, partly by the village authorities on their own territory, but more frequently, from the outlay of capital required, for account of Königsberg firms, among whom the above mentioned "amber-kings" stand foremost. Our visit was to one of these diggings, near the coast-village of Sassau, where we found a quarrying system of the most primitive description.

To get at the amber-stratum, the above-mentioned "blue earth," the coast hills, mostly pure sand, but sometimes tough clay and loam, are levelled off to a length and breadth of fifty to eighty feet or more, by several hundred workmen, beginning early in spring, and the earth thus removed is thrown into the sea. As the blue earth, as above remarked, lies along the shore mostly below the sea-level, the water which rushes in has to be removed, often under great difficulties, by different exhausting methods, such as horse-power winches, etc. If the stratum is reached in season, i. e., before the setting in of the winter gale, which often annihilates the whole work, it is generally worked in a few weeks, in the following way: Twenty or thirty men, provided with sharp spades, are ranged along the top of the stratum

in line, and then, moving backward, dig into the stratum with cautious spade-thrusts clear to the bottom. The amber, detected by its resistance to the gentle penetration of the spade, is carefully separated from its clayey envelope, and taken in charge by the inspectors, who move forward opposite the workmen. The great value and rich yield of these amber veins, which are frequently only four or five feet deep, are sufficiently shown by the fact that the working of them pays for the removal of layers of superincumbent earth, not infrequently over a hundred feet thick.

DIVORCED.

I HAVE snatched my name from her sullied clutch;
Henceforth her folly and sin will stain
No true man's soul with their soiling touch:
She can never dishonor my name again.

I have torn her image from out my heart:
She is dead to me now while I wake or sleep.
An infinite soundless sea must part
Her life from mine, though we both should weep.

In the dreary waste of the coming years,
My neck shall be bare of her false, fair arms:
The kisses that lied to my lips, the tears
And smiles that cheated, have lost their charms.

And yet, can I drive from my dreams the face
Of the winsome girl whom I made my wife?
While it loses each day its dainty grace,
As her vain tears flow for her ruined life.

Somewhere she is weeping in bitter shame;
Hated by women and mocked by men.
To her penitent lips is pressed the same
Full measure of grief that she brought me then.

And the worst of it is that I cannot say,
"Come back to me out of your grief and shame."
Though I yield my life, there is yet no way
To wipe the stain from her sullied fame.

This is the end of it all: for each,
Ruin, despair, and a piercing pain,
Sharper than death; while I cannot reach
My hand to draw her to peace again.

W. L. ALDEN.

"DANGER IN THE DESERT."

THE illustration of "Danger in the Desert" is from a painting by Carl Haag, now at the Old Water-color Society's Exhibition in London. It is a good many years, according to the *Illustrated London News*, since Mr. Carl Haag, for the first time, we believe, made acquaintance with desert-life, in that Oriental journey in which he penetrated as far as Palmyra, the "Queen of the Desert;" yet, as in the case of other artists who have acquired a like experience, the desert and its nomadic races seem to have maintained a fascination over his mind beyond all the impressions he has received elsewhere. He has painted the picturesque peasantry of Italy, the still glorious ruins of Athens, the primitive interiors and people of the Bavarian highlands, and courtly scenes in highlands nearer home, yet, to the best of our recollection, his most important and powerful drawings owe their subjects to the deserts of Syria. It must be admitted that in those desert costumes are still worn of unrivalled picturesqueness and of immemorial antiquity; that there are to be found types of character, in face and form, of singular and exquisite refinement; and that there, also, the modes of life are necessarily checkered with numerous incidents suitable for artistic treatment.

The Bedouins generally move from place to place in whole tribes. Yet not unfrequently they are to be met as single wanderers—a



"DANGER IN THE DESERT."

FROM A PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS BY CARL HAAG.

camel carrying the wife and child, or children, the provisions, and the small property of the family, and the man walking by its side armed with a long gun and sword, and sometimes though not

castle-wall. She is naturally alarmed; but she trusts in the well-tried bravery of her lord, and she presses her babe to her bosom, prepared to die in its defence.

often, also wearing a pistol or ataghan in his girdle. These stray nomades are more readily available for pictorial representation than whole caravans. They have, besides, an air of greater daring. Their firm step; their keen, bold features; their restless, watchful eye; the wife's entire confidence in her husband's protection, and the children's innocence and unconsciousness of danger, convey at a glance striking suggestions of their life. manifold are the dangers they incur; far more than beset whole tribes. Every rock, sand-heap, or other projection, may conceal a lurking foe. The man can never be quite at ease; his eye ceaselessly scans the desert-plain; his ear is on the alert for every sound. At night the only bed for himself and his family must be the sand; no tent must protect them from the chill night-winds, for that might betray him to enemies who are ever on the watch to capture and enslave him and his dear ones.

The Bedouin before us has made his dispositions for a halt at evening, on his journey over the far-reaching and trackless desert. The tired camel, the "ship" of the sandy seas, being brought to a stand, lies down; when, lo! on the horizon suddenly loom, through the gathering mists of evening, the forms of horsemen; they swiftly approach, they charge toward the inoffensive travellers with levelled lances and hostile gestures; they are evidently marauders of the desert, bent on robbery and ready for murder. There is no possibility of escape—there is nothing to be done but to stand on the defensive. So the man steps courageously forth with his firelock, his finger on the trigger; he must not miss his aim, for there will be no time to reload, and he will be unequally matched, with only his sword to parry the lance-thrusts. But his heart will not fail him; his trust is in Allah, and, to give the words of Shakespeare, quoted by Mr. Haag:

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just."

Woe to the assailant who approaches too near! In all likelihood, however, they will sheer off on seeing the bold front of their intended victim. Meanwhile, the wife (whose beauty may be the chief cause of the attack) seeks shelter for herself and child beside the camel as behind a

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THOMAS CARLYLE.

ALTHOUGH the lives of authors are mostly wanting in what we call events, or outward incidents, of which they are the central figures, there are some whose careers present interior, or mental, events, of the deepest interest to all who read and appreciate them.

THOMAS CARLYLE is a striking example of one of these. He is now an old man, and a recluse; the world is no longer dazzled and startled by his lurid landscapes of historical scenes, or even shocked by his extravagant praises of the virtues of pure pluck and physical force. An

historian — he may be said to have already passed into literary history, and to be spoken of much as we speak of Wordsworth or Byron, who are gone. A great critic — Lowell calls him "the profoundest critic of modern times" — what writer of our age has furnished such abundant food for critics? what one has been more persistently and excitedly attacked and defended, satirized, and deified? A hero-worshipper — he himself has been an idol in the temple of letters, with votaries who have breathlessly awaited his oracles, and have cried, "Bish Allah!" when they came. Surely, Carlyle's mental career, the intellectual phases through which his mind, as betrayed by his writings, has passed, are nothing less than dramatic; for there is romance even in

the growth of thought, if it be that one sees it. The Carlyle of 1823 and the Carlyle of 1871 present a contrast of intellectual character in many respects painful — even more painful than the suggestive contrast between fresh and generous-spirited youth and sour old age.

The outward, surface events of his life are few, and may be sketched briefly. He is, it need scarcely be said, a Scotchman, having been born at Ecclefechan, a quaint, rugged little village of historic Dumfriesshire, in 1795. He seems to have been stamped with something of the wild ruggedness, the stern and firm sturdiness of his native village; his imagination, luxuriant as the heather of the Dumfries hills, and bold and plunging as the mountain-brooks, reflected the scenes of his childhood, and was the mental type of a grand and unkempt nature. "Imagination," says Lowell, in that best of the

essays which he elaborated at his "study-windows," "when it lays hold of a Scotchman, possesses him in the old demoniac sense of the word, and that hard, logical nature, if the Hebrew fire once gets fair headway in it, burns unquenchably as an anthracite coal-mine."

Carlyle's father was a farmer of small means, but of religious character and of decided ability. He sent his son to school at Annan, where he proved himself an eager scholar, and was prepared for the university. He was ready, at fourteen, to be matriculated at the University of Edinburgh, whither he went in 1809. There he was under the tuition of Leslie, the mathematician. Carlyle, with his keen taste for letters, and his interest in the politics of the day, as well as in the

subjects of his curriculum, must have seen some of the great literary lights who were then congregated at the British capital of science and belles-lettres. The *Edinburgh Review* had shortly before been established, and doubtless the young Dumfries student saw Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, and Brougham, and probably Scott, who were all then literary lions at Edinburgh. He was at the university seven years, for his father intended that he should be a minister of the Scottish Kirk, and theology was added to the regular university course. He was an odd student; made few friends among his mates, for he was thoughtful, loved solitude, and was happiest far from the haunts of men, along the banks of the Frith, with his books for company. He scarcely had a



THOMAS CARLYLE.

youth, and, even when at home, at vacation-time, mingled little in the rough, rustic sports, but stole away to read and think. He did not like the prospect of preaching and a Scottish parish, and his father had too much sense not to abandon the attempt to turn his career into that channel. The young man had visions of other and greater things in store. But he was poor, and had the national hatred of dependence. On leaving the university, he took to school-teaching as a makeshift, and engaged a school in Fifeshire, where he drudged for two years, making a somewhat roughish master, we may believe, and all the time being impatient to reach a higher plane of labor. Finally he resolved to withstand his destiny no longer. He gave up his school, and, despite Chatterton's warnings and a very misty outlook, put his whole soul and energy into literature as his sole profession.

It was long before the public heard of him. Five years elapsed between his retirement from the pedagogue's desk and his appearance in the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," to which he, by dint of perseverance, at last got access. His essays in that work plainly fore-shadowed future literary greatness. Those who, after perusing his longer and more celebrated writings, take up the essays on Montesquieu, Montaigne, Nelson, and the Pitts, may clearly perceive the beginnings of that wonderful probing of character, that keen appreciation of the influence of the "leaders of men" upon events, and that lavish fancy which could at once idealize and make vividly distinct their virtues and weaknesses, which ripened until the genius of the writer culminated in the "French Revolution" and "Sartor Resartus." His work, in this year of his *début*, was very great. He found time to translate Legendre's "Geometry," a labor in which the exactness of that science itself was necessary; prefixed to this an "Essay on Proportion," and published his translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," which is a standard classic, a masterpiece of translation. During those five silent years, he had been engaged in a study the effect of which was to color the whole process and growth of his thought. Carlyle is original, if ever writer was; yet he had, as Raphael and Galileo had, his literary teachers; and these were Goethe and Jean Paul Richter. His style, while maintaining throughout a rugged grandeur and a vehement and even grotesque imagination all his own, every little while betrays the influence of Goethe's vigorous wisdom and Richter's warm sentimentalism. In the study of German literature, the contemplation of the German poets and philosophers, and the subsequent long epistolary intimacy which he enjoyed with Goethe himself, Carlyle found the aliment for which his mind had thirsted, which satisfied a yearning unassuaged even by the splendid literature of his own land. In this channel we find his thoughts thenceforth running, with a will of their own, yet wilfully trusting these when trusting any guides. At the end of his first year of literary experiment he found himself a successful author, and might now look forward, without misgiving, to an ever-brightening literary future. The next year, 1824, he hastened to undertake a work which he had proposed to himself—one most congenial to his tastes. It was the "Life of Schiller." Schiller shared with Goethe the tributes of his earliest "hero-worship." These two were, to him, "the true sovereign souls of German literature." We have, in the "Life of Schiller," a panegyric which not seldom passes the bounds of extravagance; but it is a splendid panegyric, the outpouring of a full, sympathetic, poetical nature, which ever descends to, and is intoxicated by, the innermost meaning of the German bard. This biography appeared serially in the *London Magazine*, where it found not unworthily a place beside the "Essays of Elia," the criticisms of Hazlitt, and the sparkling sallies of the editor, who was gracious Tom Hood himself. Barry Cornwall, too, De Quincey, Talfourd, Horace Smith, Allan Cunningham, Coleridge, and Clare, were among the fellow-contributors with Carlyle in the famous old *London*, then at the height of its prosperity.

Carlyle was married to the wife who so long encouraged his ambition, and proved a veritable helpmeet throughout the years they spent together, in 1827. He was now a literary man of abundant occupation, and might well afford the retirement of the neat little rural estate at Craigenputtock (where Emerson saw him), to which he removed after his marriage. Here, almost in the immediate neighborhood of his childhood's home—it was fifteen miles from Dumfries—he was able, at last, to yield himself up, free from care and amid congenial surroundings, to the occupations which he loved, and the fruits of which were to so move the world. He wrote for the reviews, and occasionally the magazines, contributing also, now and then, to German periodicals. During the three years between 1830 and 1833, he was patiently working upon the materials for "Sartor Resartus," which assumed consistency, as may be believed, only after intense thought and application. In 1833 this work was published serially in *Fraser*, and at once engaged the discussion of the literary world. It was the first glimpse which was had of the seemingly boundless and no less full and forcible imaginativeness of the man; that rich and dramatic fancy which vented itself in "eruption flashes," and was truly often "grotesquely awful." While "Sartor Resartus" was going through the columns of *Fraser*, Carlyle found that the attraction of London to a man of letters was irresistible; accordingly, he removed his household penates from the quiet fireside of Craigenputtock to the great, noisy town. For nearly forty years he has remained constant to London, living a great part of this period in the

pleasant westerly suburb of Chelsea. Indeed, the advantage of the wide range of lore offered by the British Museum and other libraries, was absolutely necessary to the new and larger project which he had conceived. He left, for a while, the wonderful dreamland into which Goethe and Schiller had led him, as Virgil led Dante through the domain of the nether spirits. He brought all his dramatic and poetical fancy, enriched by the German spell, to contemplate a grand drama of fact—the French Revolution. He invented the art of portraying history by a series of vivid and often terrific and awe-filling tableaux. He illuminated causes and effects by the characters and actions of the heroes of events. He lent pathos to the scenes of that wonderful era even by his lurid and rough-hewn humor itself. His history is like a grand scenic play at the theatre, only grander, intenser, with the contrasts unspeakably deeper and more sudden than ever stage displayed. He devoted three years more to this task; and even this period seems brief, when we think what a monument of genius the history is.

Carlyle now became deeply interested in the stirring political events of the time, both at home and abroad. Germany was betraying the effects of the influence of her golden age of authors—of Goethe, Schiller, Kant, Schelling, Lessing, and Schlegel. Communism was spreading in France, Chartism in England. Carlyle, in those days, was an athlete on the side of reform, a tremendous hater of shams, although already one might trace the growing attraction of the "able man" to his enthusiastic mind. "Chartism," a volume made up of periodical essays, came out not long after the "French Revolution," and made a profound impression, which has become profounder rather than diminished by time. Another series of "Essays," in five volumes, followed, among them his "Jean Paul Richter" (in which he speaks of Richter's inspirations as "a wild music, as of wind-harps, floating around us in fitful swells, but soft sometimes, and pure and soul-entrancing as the song of angels!"), "State of German Literature," "Werner," "Goethe's Helena," and others now familiar to every reader of his works. His lectures on "Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History," were delivered in 1840, and soon after collected and published. In this he discusses the hero as divinity—Odin, paganism, Scandinavian mythology; the hero as prophet—Mahomet, Islam; the hero as poet—Dante, Shakespeare; the hero as priest—Luther, reformation, Knox, puritanism; the hero as man of letters—Johnson, Rousseau, Burns; and the hero as king—Cromwell, Napoleon, modern revolutionism. In "Hero-Worship" we perceive the mental influences working which drew Carlyle on from his hot early radicalism, as betrayed in "Sartor Resartus," to the extravagant cynicism of his later days, which could defend slavery and justify the cruelties of Governor Eyre, of Jamaica. In succession appeared "Past and Present" (1843) and "Latter-Day Pamphlets" (1850), the last of which was suggested by the revolutions of 1848 and the attempts of the Chartists to rouse London and other English cities to a democratic insurrection. He called this era "one of the most singular, disastrous, amazing, and, on the whole, humiliating years the European world ever saw."

"The Life of Stirling," and the volumes of "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," with copious notes, which are not less interesting and striking than the epistles of old Ironsides himself, appeared in 1845 and 1851. A long interval elapsed between the last of these works and Carlyle's next appearance before the public. Meanwhile, the thralldom under which he labored gradually came to the idea of despotic heroism. His enthusiasm for the "König, or able man," had grown to idolatry. And it had become somewhat reckless of its object; for Schiller and Goethe might well charm a deeply-feeling soul; John Stirling was truly "an able man" for good, and Cromwell was far more than a rough, domineering man of mere blunt bravery. The new god which Carlyle, in his bitter and scornful, though still volcanically brilliant old age, chose to adorn one more pedestal in the Walhalla of his brain, was a rude, cruel, scoffing, domineering, envious, pedantic, narrow, and intensely selfish king. The virtue which Carlyle sees in Frederick seems to be the indomitable persistency with which he pursued his projects, whether good or bad; the superb discipline which he established in his army, into which he absorbed the life-blood of his people; and the intense energy with which he bent himself to break down the power and steal the possessions of a young empress suddenly called to govern a distracted state. The first volume of "Frederick II." appeared in 1860; and the work, which was the most elaborate of all Carlyle's productions, was not completed

till 1868. Carlyle was appointed a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery in 1857, and was elected Rector of Edinburgh University in 1865, where he delivered an inaugural address.

Lowell well sums up Carlyle's title to literary fame when he declares him "the profoundest critic and the most dramatic imagination of modern times." But it must still be conceded that his criticisms, though freighted with learning, and enforced by a vigor of language unequalled in our day, were too often rather vehement than judicial, and rather tinged by an exclusive German complexion than liberalized by a cosmopolitan breadth of view. And his imagination, though intensely dramatic, is almost always feverish, and not seldom extravagant, rash, and weird; the dramatic passing into melodrama, which most deeply stirs, but which leaves in the mind a sense of sulphur and brimstone. He seems to like to envelop us all, especially in his later works, rather in "the infinite night, with her solemn aspects," than with "day, and the sweet approach of ev'n or of morn;" in night, with wondrous portents, the sweep of terrible comets, and the downshooting of strange aerolites. He is, as our graceful New-England critic declares, "capable of rising to a white heat;" but is such a mental heat healthy in its effects upon the reader? "Once kindled," Lowell finely says, "he is like a three-decker on fire, and his shotguns go off, as the glow reaches them, alike dangerous to friend and foe." But it seems to us that the three-decker is too often afire, the shotguns boom too constantly, and the glow is too terribly lurid; in these pages of "Frederick," we are drawn too often into the whirlwind of war and the storms of bad ambition, which seem to drive Carlyle's fancy to a perfect wild ecstasy of exultant passion.

Carlyle began his career as the hater of shams, the bold scoffer at privilege, the iron-handed castigatör of great abuses and great abusers. Even as lately as his "Revolution," which was written after he had ripened into a robust manhood of intellect, he could celebrate in language almost as grand as any thing in Shakespeare, the "muffled-ominous sounds, new in our centuries," which came across the ocean from "Boston Harbor," and "a Pennsylvania Congress;" when democracy, "in rifle-volleys death-winged," announced that she was born, and, "whirlwind-like," would envelop the whole world. Democracy then had a real and acute meaning with him; he took account of peoples, rather than of "able men." What French democrat, in these days of Communism, would more zealously laugh to scorn the crumbling monarchy of the Bourbons, or sing with more heart-felt eloquence the praises of an enslaved nation breaking into liberty? And Carlyle, when he wrote the "French Revolution," was capable of immense tenderness and pathos, and more than one of its famous passages betray that, at the moment, as he said of Richter, "Love is the atmosphere he breathes in, the medium through which he looks." In the descriptions of the deaths of Charlotte Corday, of the Princess Lamballe, and of the queen, there is a glimpse here and there of such touching poetic sweetness of soul, that one hates to pass thence to the hurly-burly which he knows is coming. It is curious to observe how, though in the "Revolution" his pictures of character are so living and sharply drawn that no such portraiture is to be found in English prose, he as yet subordinated the "able men" to the logic of events, as impelled by popular action. Heroes as the workers of mere material success had not as yet fastened their fell hold on him. The imaginer of "Professor Teufelsdröckh and his Editor," and the "Philosophy of Clothes," and the great word-painter, who seems to have worked at his canvas while standing in the very midst of the pandemonium of the Terror—this man surely had "intense convictions;" surely was he, with all his German vagaries, and dramatic and sentimental passion, and vast impetuous fury of eloquence, "the preacher-up of sincerity, manliness, and a living faith."

Whence came the wondrous change which turned him into a raving scoffer at democracy, a churlish contemner of peoples, a croaking, masculine Cassandra, shrieking foretold woes in the ears of the nations? We have great respect for the delicately-nice literary judgment of the professor of belles-lettres at Harvard; but we cannot think, with him, that mere straining after popularity by "sensation," that the necessity to attract and to astonish, drove him, from his flashing and not ill-natured humor, and his fiery enthusiasm for truth, into the tortuous and darksome paths in which he wanders in old age. That, having reached a high plane of literary fame, and amazed the world by the range of his ideas and the wealth of his diction, as well as by the intensity and rugged splendor of his early style, the ambi-

tion to sustain himself took possession of him, is clear. Carlyle is not one of the unspoiled children of literary fortune. He may be said to have founded a philosophical sect; he certainly drew about him a host of disciples. It need not be wondered at that he loved the part of Plato teaching in his porch, and would not, could he help it, yield up a throne which gave a Cæsarian sense of power. But this ambition, it appears to us, rather had its effect upon his style, than upon his philosophy and morals. That the latter have gone strange ways, and given him, in the world's eyes, the sad appearance of a decayed old man wandering amid the mazes of a diseased imagination, is due to disappointments, it is better to believe, as to the practical results of theories which he once so hotly championed; to the morbid effects of seclusion and an intense study confined within narrow limits; the mind restricted, as it were, by certain channels of thought, and brooding over events and characters, without mingling with men, and thereby recognizing, by observing individuals, the power of humanity in the mass.

The later extravagance of style is due to the craving for continued literary power and popularity; the later cynicism and hero-worship, to the bitterness of one who has taken a certain stand-point, whence he can see only a part of the field of human struggle, and turns away in disgust at the failures of frailty, without contemplating the victories of strength.

"With the gift of song," says Lowell—for Carlyle has no artistic sense of form or rhythm—"Carlyle would have been the greatest of epic poets since Homer." The praise is great, but who that has lingered spellbound over the glorious pages of the "Revolution" and "Sartor Resartus," will dispute the judgment? The first is a series of grand epics, strung together by scene-shifting paragraphs; it is a panorama of heroisms, many—such as those of Mirabeau and Charlotte Corday—of the true, admirable sort. He is, with all that we must grieve for and protest against in his later writings, after all, a noble genius, a writer of whom England may be proud, a revivalist whose awakening powers have worked great things, a revelator of sublime things hitherto unseen, a bold, and fearless, and strong-armed guide, the inspirer of elevated thought, and the sole possessor of a compass of language which ranges "from the unbooked freshness of the Scottish peasant to the most far-sought phrase of literary curiosity."

Carlyle lives in great seclusion at Chelsea, where he occupies a modest, rather shabby house, in Cheyne Row. In recent years he has grown impatient of intruders, and to strangers he is irritable and ungracious. But with his friends, though moody, he is often charmingly genial, launching freely into outpourings of enthusiastic eloquence, and exhibiting, at times, abundant elasticity and vigor of spirits. We are told of his regular daily walks in Chelsea, where the cadaverous face, with its great forehead, its deep-sunken eyes, its shaggy beard and tumbled white hair, surmounted by a great slouch hat, and the bent, slow-moving, gaunt figure, attract the attention of the passer-by, who turns to gaze at him, unconscious who he is. In his old age he still works tenaciously at the deep problems which have engaged most of his life, though the world hears from him only now and then by a letter about some book or current topic, written in the old, familiar, rugged, and unique style. Among his few intimate friends are Froude and Ruskin; and Dickens was familiar at his house. One almost hopes, against hope, that the tide of his thoughts may yet turn into gentler courses, and that he may be won back to his old affection for and trust in his kind. That his great mind should cease its workings in the midst of its present gloom, is not less melancholy for the world than for himself.

THE ENGLISH SPARROWS.

II.

A YEAR has passed away since I completed my journal of the incidents of summer housekeeping of my pet sparrows, Captain Jinks and Mary Jane. Their hiding-place at night, and their retreat from the neighborhood for two or three days at a time when the weather was intensely cold, still remains a mystery. They kept about their box, however, when visible, fighting away intruders from its premises, and showing the greatest vigilance in not allowing their nesting-place even to be rudely looked at. In the spring, their prepa-

rations for housekeeping were announced by the gathering of straws and feathers, and by a more affectionate and considerate manner on the part of Mary Jane, who is a strong-minded sparrowess, and usually lords it over Captain Jinks in the most cruel way. The captain bears his misfortune with great patience; seeking his revenge, when madam is away, by marked attention to the little lady-sparrows who live in an adjoining catalpa. The fine old tree which these birds occupy has been entirely restored to pristine health by their industry. The thoroughly-dead limbs have either broken off, or are concealed by the new, luxuriant foliage; the consequence is, my pet birds have no more fights with catapillar-anacondas—such monsters are strangled in their infancy, or have ceased to exist altogether. Contrary to the precedents of last year, four broods instead of three have been turned loose upon the world.

A gentleman of refined taste, and a great lover of Nature, who resides opposite one of the finest private parks in the city of Brooklyn, and who finds time to record his experiences, sends me the following letter, which completes the interesting history of our pet birds:

"T. B. THORPE—*Sir*: After reading the article in APPLETON'S JOURNAL regarding the natural history of the sparrow, we cannot resist adding our testimony to their usefulness and interesting character.

"Originally, arriving on our grounds late in autumn, in number at least thirty-five, and being at once supplied with food, they remained with us during the winter. Throughout the day they could be seen busily engaged in feeding; but where they found a resting-place at night was, for a long time, a mystery. At an agreed twilight hour, the birds would meet upon our loftiest garden-tree, and, after what appeared to be a consultation, would fly sometimes over and sometimes around the house, then disappear, but always returning early in the morning. One evening, just before dark, passing the rear of Grace-Court Church, which is almost overran with ivy-vines, we heard a familiar twitter, and, upon examination, were satisfied that we had discovered the night resting-place of the sparrows, which was evidently under the protecting limbs and leaves of the magnificent ivy; and, from the peculiar interlaced growth of the stems, no better place could have been selected. And, though much of the ivy was subsequently torn away to facilitate the admission of light into the church-windows, still the sparrows remain, and with loud and united voices proclaim their heart-felt satisfaction, much to the annoyance, we are sorry to say, to some few of 'the worshippers,' who complain of their 'impious notes.' Two seasons have now passed away, and I find that the sparrows in my immediate neighborhood have not, after all their industry in raising their young, materially increased in numbers.

"The private park, opposite to my residence, which they appropriated, and the boxes placed at their service, accommodated, according to their notions, about fifty birds, and all above that number were, by the older occupants, driven away. And this inhospitality was displayed by the severest battles and screaming possible to be conceived, and most wonderful in bitterness and pertinacity, considering the size and appearance of the birds. The rejected party, after having been thoroughly conquered, without any repining at once go in search of a home, and, having fixed upon some approved situation, establish themselves, and, when necessary, exhibit the same selfishness in driving away what would seem to be a surplus number of birds for the locality. It is thus ordered, by a beneficent Providence, that the sparrows should spread over the whole country, and prove by their industry and habits a blessing to the citizens and farmers, in preserving from vermin the shade and fruit trees.

"This tendency to drive away the full-grown young, evinced by the sparrows, we noticed for many years as marking the conduct of a pair of gray squirrels, which had their nest in one of the trees of our park. They produced three young ones annually, and no parents could be more attentive while their progeny was helpless; but the moment the juvenile rodents were capable of taking care of themselves, this parental interest suddenly ceased, and the children so carefully nursed at nightfall, in the morning were rudely driven forth to gather their own nuts and acorns, and make their own resting-place in the hollow of some adjoining tree.

"Though it is possible that the sparrows can get along in our cold winter-weather without being fed, it has been our custom to throw them occasionally some oats or wheaten grits; but they are wasteful in the appropriation of these things. The cheapest and best food we have

used is composed of broken crackers, which we purchased at the bakeries, every particle of which is consumed.

"There have been objections made to the sparrows. They are accused of eating fruits and buds; but this charge is not founded, we think, on careful observation. Buds and fruits they will not touch, unless from decay or other cause they have become infested with larvae or insects.

"Sparrows will not live peaceably, if at all, in tenement-houses. We had boxes made, ten in a row, and were obliged to cut them apart, for one family only would occupy the whole group. The immense clusters of boxes in Union Park, and the fantastic creations of amateur box-makers, representing every possible kind of fancy form, including castles, pagodas, and high-steeped churches, do not attract the sparrows, nor make them violate what seems to be a law of their nature, namely, not to have their nests near each other. We have some few examples in our neighboring park of the sparrows building in the high trees, which show that they have resources, in accordance with their original habits, when boxes are not provided them.

"The next great improvement for our city parks, so far as animal life is concerned, is to introduce the gray squirrel. Its usefulness in preserving trees was fully tested in our little private park. It was, however, a work of time and some argument to prove to my neighbors that the busy little animal did not attack fruits and birds. Sparrows and squirrels may be raised in the same grounds, and, we believe, in the same trees, without encroaching on each other's rights or prejudices. Birds would not enter the squirrels' boxes, and the squirrels could not enter those of the sparrows, if the orifice were made only large enough to accommodate the body of the bird.

"Squirrels, we are satisfied by long experience, will not touch fruits, birds, or flowers. If an apple, apricot, or peach, comes in their way, which is decayed, they will daintily extract the pit or seeds; but, where they have plenty to eat, they are so dainty that they will let even the damaged fruit alone.

"Some years ago, squirrels abounded in the city parks of Philadelphia, but have been banished, under the erroneous idea that they were hostile to the birds and destructive of their eggs. We are convinced that this is a mistake. The idea may have been suggested because the animal is sometimes seen busily engaged in pulling nests apart and throwing them piecemeal to the ground. But, from close observation, we found that they never interfered with a nest that was not a year old, or, rather, a nest of the season past. It is only after they have become foul, and tenanted by vicious insect-life, that the squirrels will tear even these old nests to pieces. This is a wise provision of Nature to stop the propagation of pests, and the immense service done can be appreciated by any one who has inadvertently handled one of these bunches of matted foulness. Squirrels, therefore, do not decrease the number of birds in the parks—the reverse is the truth.

"Squirrels are, indeed, a benefit to trees, with the sparrows; early in the spring they go from branch to branch and devour the larvae and grubs, which would interfere with the full perfection of the leaf. We have, with a friend, witnessed an old gray busy at work under the limb of a large tree, head downward, tearing off the decayed bark, and devouring the half-formed insects; and this little friend of vegetation and grateful shade was more than two hours thus engaged, under our own observation—the occupation seeming to be amusement rather than a serious search for food."

AN AMERICAN GLACIER.

THE irregular strait to which the name of Niagara River has been given is the sole channel of escape for the waters of the great upper lakes of Erie and Huron, of Superior and Michigan, which contain almost the half of all the fresh water on the known earth; this strait, in its course of thirty-five miles between Erie and Ontario, has a total descent of three hundred and thirty-four feet; its average width between the Falls and Lewiston, seven miles below, exceeds one-fourth of a mile, with gigantic, cliff-like banks, rising often to the height of two hundred feet above the raging, rioting flood below; between Lewiston and its embouchure, seven miles farther, it has an average width of half a mile; just below the

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abys of the cataract it has a depth of two hundred and fifty feet, and from Lewiston downward perhaps half that depth.

Given all this, and a temperature low enough to fashion the waters into huge boulders of ice, and it might be expected that Nature could work out curious and striking results.

But it is also to be remembered that we have here a river which in its headlong, furious course from the Falls to Lewiston, and in its steady, onward sweep from the latter point, bids defiance to the frost.

The ice that we find here is a foreign product, which, breaking in vast masses from the shining fields that border the shores of the lakes, detached by the action of wind or thaw, comes tumbling over the brink of the watery precipice, and is whirled downward in great blocks. The river is often full of them; they grind and crash together, and whirl about the eddies and through the foaming rapids; but their course is onward with the great flood, and only a certain combination of circumstances ever detains them and holds them motionless. This combination, when it occurs, causes what is known in the vicinity as an ice-jam, but which is, more correctly, an enormous and exceptional glacier. I do not now refer to the collection of ice just below the Falls known as the ice-bridge, formed by the piling up of the ice against the banks and the bend of the river, which sometimes stretches itself entirely across, and makes a rough but secure means of transit. This is an affair of quite frequent occurrence, covering a narrow field, and not exciting special wonder; but the formidable and dreaded ice-jam, which I believe has occurred but three times in twenty-five years, occupies the whole river from bank to bank for miles, and impresses the most prosaic person that sees it with an overwhelming sense of grandeur and beauty.

It occurs only in a winter of unusual severity, when a barrier of ice has been formed across the comparatively quiet water at the mouth of the river. A stiff north wind may assist in the work, and so doubtless do the projecting shores at several points where the river deflects to the west. In such winters the amount of ice formed in the lakes and brought down the Niagara is stupendous. Yet, without a barrier to check it, the onflowing current would carry it all into Ontario, where it would cruise about until spring should unlock the St. Lawrence and give it way to the sea. But pouring, hurrying down in gigantic masses, toppling over the edge of the cataract for days and nights in a continuous flow—from the south, too!—it passes through the torment of the rapids, to be arrested and detained between Lewiston and Ontario by this barrier. It grinds against it, overlaps it, passes under it, is compacted with it; the barrier is built up, strengthened against the assaults of the tons that are projected against it, by the accretion of the masses, which, once detained, are fixed firmly in their place by the frost; and thus day after day, night after night, week after week, the process goes on, and the barrier, which has become too strong to be broken through, steadily stretches itself up the river. Once firmly fixed, it gathers to itself every thing that the current brings, and is certain to hold its place until a milder temperature, aided by the continual chafing and fretting of the undercurrent, swings it loose from its moorings at the lowest point, when it gradually breaks up to its entire length, and passes off in detached fragments.

But it is not the simple blockading of the river in this manner, the mere covering its surface with an irregular field of ice, that furnishes a spectacle of extraordinary grandeur. As the process is repeated, the impetuous action of the current heaps and piles the great blocks one upon another, erecting in this manner hillocks often fifty feet in height and diameter; in other places the action of the water below heaves up great tumuli, and leaves in other places yawning abysses, where the spectator can look fearfully down and see the dark, restless water swirling far below. Though the surface of the water is overlaid with this rough pavement, the tireless, chainless flood is still sweeping along underneath the mask of ice, and ever under this upper mask is running a river of ice, which, sucked below the upper face of the barricade, holds its way downward with constant grinding, jarring, and crashing, against the inner surfaces of the stationary bergs.

Steadily the process of accumulation goes on. As fresh masses come down and escape the underflow, they are projected over the barrier; the fixed hillocks are consolidated, the gaps and abysses are filled up; and, when the vast jam is so impacted together that it is incapable of further consolidation, it begins to grow upward by the re-piling and the over-driving of the massive cakes, while it con-

tinues to widen up the river. It must grow in some direction; though vast quantities escape underneath, almost or quite as much is detained, and its growth is necessarily one of altitude as well as of length. Steadily this process of piling goes on; the supply will not fail for weeks; if there is no present way of escape, these tossing, tumbling blocks must be piled away and disposed of somewhere in some way. The huge bulk of the jam rises day after day until it actually reaches the top of the bank; it presses, it crowds itself in every direction, widening by the irresistible pressure from above; trees of fifty years growth are snapped and crushed off, wharves are reduced to kindling, and, in more than one instance, large buildings have been carried from their foundations out into the midst of the desolation of ice. A jam occurring about twenty-five years ago was remarkably destructive to property, the ice encroaching upon the shore farther than the prudence of the most timid could have provided against such a disaster. The jam of 1865-'66, although nearly as imposing in appearance, was not productive of serious damage. It seems incredible now to walk along the high bank of the river, looking down at the swiftly-flowing water fifty feet or more below, and then up to the notches hewn on the boles of tall trees far above your reach, and to realize that those notches, cut by careful hands at the time, mark the height reached by the ice in that greatest jam. But such is the fact.

During the continuance of the latest one, six years since, I walked across the ice-pack at Lewiston, where the river has a width of full half a mile. I followed a beaten path, the way of safety amid this accumulation of perils, where hundreds of feet before mine had crossed this unique bridge from country to country. It led me a serpentine course through vales and over peaks, around the bases of sturdy hills, and along the edges of narrow chasms, crevasses of no exceeding depth, but in which death to the incautious lurked as surely as in those of Switzerland. To pause half-way across and survey the scene from an elevated summit, was to stamp upon the memory an impression certain to be life-long. On every side was a wide desolation of ice, irregular in outline and unequal in height, covered with snow in places, and elsewhere glowing with prismatic lustre in the setting sun. Out of all this crushing, packing, and piling, had arisen beautiful, fantastic, grotesque shapes and figures, which the sun of the next day would mar, and the cold of the night following would restore in a new guise. The tumultuous river heaved and throbbed far beneath me as if vexed at this unwonted restraint, and its banks, clothed with solemn firs, shut in the scene, rising to the south almost to mountain-height. The consciousness of my own identity, and the recollection of late events, assured me that I was in America and in a decidedly unarctic region of it; but fancy, charmed and gratified by the spectacle, rejected the truth. Here was something so like what we read of in books of travel, but never think of beholding near our own doors, that I could easily delude myself for the moment into the belief that I had been to Switzerland with the many and to Greenland with the few, and was here combining something of both in one glorious view.

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS

FELICITA.

AN IDEAL HEAD BY RICHARD S. GREENOUGH.

WITH placid brow uplifted, lips apart,
Whereon a kiss seems melting to a smile,
Intent yet arch, as when subdued the heart,
Dreams of fond rapture, sense, and soul, beguile;
Entranced by music, faith, or glad surprise
At some bright vision or benignant truth,
That kindles holy pleasure in the eyes,
And every feature with the light of youth,
She seems of womanhood the happy queen,
Whose thoughts are folded in a tender joy
So high and pure, so noble and serene
That time and custom lose their base alloy,
And beauty crowned with love a triumph knows
That life transfigures to divine repose.

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

TABLE-TALK.

AN English writer, who is apparently well informed on the subject, has recently advanced some novel views as to the religious tendencies of the Hindoos. That people, under British dominion, have notoriously become dissatisfied with their ancient religion, whose absurdities cannot stand the test of modern science and modern criticism. But the question is, if they abandon Braminism, what shall they take in its place? Many Anglo-Indians imagine that the natives will embrace some form of Christianity. They will not become Roman Catholics, because to men who have just become convinced of the folly of image-worship the Catholic reverence for images will seem idolatrous. They will not become Unitarians, because the Hindoo mind for ages has been trained to believe in the incarnation of God as essential to human salvation. The ordinary forms of Protestant Christianity are not likely to interest them; and the conclusion among the more intelligent English observers is, that the Hindoo is likely to become either a Deist or to embrace Swedenborgian doctrines, which, as teaching the divine humanity and the correspondence of the spiritual to the natural world, are more likely to be acceptable to their traditionary tendencies and to the peculiar subtlety of the Hindoo intellect. The writer to whom we have referred, however, is of opinion that the Hindoos are more likely to become Mohammedans than Christians. Christianity is repugnant to them, because it insists on monogamy, because it allows the use of strong drink, and because it allows women to go unveiled, which to the Hindoo is as indecent as going naked would be to us. Strange as it may seem to us, there can be no doubt that to the Hindoo Mohammedan morality appears to be higher and purer than Christian morality. In its prohibition of drink he cordially concurs, being well aware that for the Asiatic races temperance is impossible, that the choice for them lies between abstinence and fierce bursts of intoxication; he appreciates its inculcation of religious patriotism, which gives him an object for self-sacrifice and for the display of the higher qualities of his nature; and he is attracted to a degree we can hardly conceive by its establishment of social equality, as the one divine base for the human social order. In this last respect he is peculiarly charmed by its antagonism to the Braminical principles of caste, which have made his life a burden by senseless ceremonials; and he is for the same reason repelled from Christianity by the English system of caste, which must naturally seem to him nearly as hostile to the brotherhood of man as the Braminical system. Mohammedanism, in short, offers to the Hindoo who has begun to revolt from his native faith a creed devoid of all the evils against which his mind has begun to turn—a creed without idols, without ceremonials, without priests, and with a social system which seems to him in every respect reasonable, decent, and agreeable. This creed is offered to him by men of his own color, who have all his own Asiatic peculiarities, and who are in his eyes thoroughly respectable,

as well as powerful in numbers—the Mohammedans of Hindostan being not less than thirty millions, and rapidly increasing; so that everywhere the Hindoo convert finds friends and brothers, able and willing to assist and protect him. On the other hand, the Christian convert from Hindooism is almost isolated, and has to adopt usages which seem to him strange and even indecent, and finds himself, even when admitted to Church communion, still regarded socially as a *pariah* by his haughty and exclusive white "brothers."

Shades of difference in national character may often be discerned in national pastimes; for every country has a peculiar and characteristic method of enjoying itself. The old French chronicler, visiting England in the fifteenth century, thought that the English took their pleasures very sadly (*moult tristement*); but certainly the English are greater proficient in the arts of amusement and pastime than their American cousins. If old Froissart could visit us in America, especially just in this autumn-season, his gay Gallic heart would sink within him to seek distraction on all hands, and find it on none. The American fashionable world, in particular, takes its pleasures by fits and starts, bursting suddenly into a wild round of dissipation, and almost as suddenly collapsing into mere exhausted inanity, just as the automaton in Punchinello belabor each other vigorously for a while, and then suddenly fall flat and lie prone on the little rim of wood where in a full-sized theatre the footlights would be. The rich, fashionable English are more inventive and logical, if not more sensible. What, for instance, do our beaux and belles manage to imagine as pastimes for their epicurean souls in these autumn-days? The summer-season, with its beach-bathing, its mountain-climbing, its piazza-firting, its hop-dancing, and its avenue-driving, is over; the winter-season, bringing the joys of the ball, the opera, the sleigh, and the glories of toilet triumphs, has not arrived; this awkward, weary, *de-trop* autumn is an unwelcome gap in the fashionable existence—too cold to stay at the seaside or mountains, too early for city pleasures, a superfluity in the seasons. They manage these things better in England. Each season has its pastimes, its fashionable resorts, its especial programme of what the French call "incidents," with which to while away the heavy time hanging on fashionable hands. From April till August is the London season; every one who is any one will not fail to be "in town," to ride or drive in the park, to revel in "at-homes" and *fêtes champêtres*, breakfast parties and cabinet receptions. Then comes the watering-place season, following immediately on the heels of the London season, when the dowagers and maidens and scented youths lie them to Scarborough, Torquay, and Brighton, or to Penzance and Truro; while the *bourgeoisie* is content with white-bait at Greenwich, and sea-bathing at Ramsgate and Margate. The sea-side season extends far into September; in the second week of that month, this year, the cry from all the watering-places was, "Full to more than overflowing!" This, too, is the time of year for such gatherings as the Glou-

cester Musical Festival, where the best singers and performers assemble to practise classical music before delighted thousands; for artillery-practice at Shoeburyness, and chaunces of her majesty's forces at Aldershot Camp; for festivals of coster-mongers and iron-mongers, and other guilds; and, above all, for the beautiful old custom of the "harvest-home." The latter half of autumn, and the winter, are the season for the huntsman, who goes a-field from "jocund morn" till "dewy eve," following his hounds with the cheery "Tally-ho!" while the ladies sit around the big wood-fires in the old cozy country-houses, and knit, read novels, or indulge in the keener pastime of fashionable gossip. And so the year is filled out, well rounded with succeeding and various pleasures, until the budding spring once more summons the *haut monde* up to London, and the stalls of the metropolitan Vanity Fair are full again.

Another name is, it seems, to be added to the roll of "Royal and Noble Authors." It has become a royal fashion, in these later days, to write books, and thus fulfil one, at least, of the tasks allotted by the Arabian proverb to those who hope to pass from this life to the celestial regions, the other tasks being to dig a well and plant a tree. We need not go back to James I. and his "Basilikon Doron," or to Frederick, called the Great, and his interminable tomes of foolscap in bad French and worse chirography, for examples of royal authorship. In our own times, the King of Saxony has proved himself the best of the German translators of Dante; the King of Sweden has essayed his muse, not without success (at least if the criticism of flatterers is worth aught), as a lyric bard; the Queen of England has given to the world a charmingly naïve and simple narrative of her Highland life, in which we are admitted to a familiar intimacy with "Albert," and "Bertie," and "Vicky;" the Emperor Napoleon has produced a somewhat dry and detailed eulogy of Julius Cæsar, the historical founder of Napoleonic imperialism; Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia has written an excellent military treatise, which must of necessity become an authority, since Sedan; and nearly all of the Orleans princes have published works on a great variety of subjects, and with as great a variety of excellence. The Empress Eugénie, having lost, for a while at least, her vocation as queen of fashion, and her thoughts being no longer absorbed by mighty problems of flounces and tunics, back hair and bracelets, has been engaged on a "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," which will soon appear upon the shelves of the booksellers. The field is, perhaps, not a wholly unoccupied one; it has been gleaned, somewhat, before; we can hardly hope that her ex-majesty will be able to shed much new light upon the mysteries of the strange and stirring career of her heroine; neither is it to be expected that the judgment, which we are prepared to await with some curiosity, will have been formed more impartially or logically than that of the empress's predecessors has been. But it will be really interesting to see what the uncrowned empress of the nineteenth century will have to say of the beheaded queen of the sixteenth. Eugénie is Scotch by pa-

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ternal descent; and Mary Queen of Scots loved and honored France, the French reciprocating her affection. Whether the empress will deal tenderly with the erring wife of Darnley and Bothwell, or whether she will unloose the phials of her wrath upon her misdeeds, murders, and treasons, we have as yet no hint. Her book will hardly be an accession to the history of events; but it will be one more text-book of the human character, for we shall learn somewhat of the calibre of the author's mind, and be better able to judge between her champions and her foes, the former of whom claim that she possesses brilliant abilities, and the latter that she is superficial, bigoted, and selfish. Perhaps the world will find out, as it has many times before, that the truth lies in the golden mean between these extremes.

— The criticism is often made upon the *Waverley Novels* that they have no moral purpose, and teach nothing—that their only object is to amuse. The criticism is unjust; for, though Scott undoubtedly was not a reformer, and did not seek to change existing institutions, the morality of his novels is high and pure, and he generally had some moral purpose in the plot and tendency of each. Incidentally, also, he inculcates many sound lessons. For example, in "The Monastery," let us see how he discusses and refutes the dangerous doctrine of free love, or of sexual unions regulated only by the whim or the convenience of the party. He represents Julian Avenel as living in such a way with a beautiful woman, and as attempting to justify the arrangement to a preacher of the Reformed faith, who is "interviewing" him in his stronghold. Avenel says:

"We border-men are more wary than your inland clowns of Fife and Lothian—no jump in the dark for us—no clenching the fetters around our wrists till we know how they will wear with us—we take our wives, like our horses, upon trial. When we are handfasted, as we term it, we are man and wife for a year and a day; that space gone by, each may choose another mate, or, at their pleasure, may call the priest to marry them for life; and this we call 'handfasting.'"

"Then," said the preacher, "I tell thee, noble baron, in brotherly love to thy soul, it is a custom licentious, gross, and corrupting, and, if persisted in, dangerous, yea damnable. It binds thee to the flatterer while she is the object of desire; it relieves thee when she is most the subject of pity: it gives all to brutal sense, and nothing to generous and gentle affection. I say to thee that he who can meditate the breach of such an engagement, abandoning the deluded woman and the helpless offspring, is worse than the birds of prey; for of them the males remain with their mates until the nestlings can take wing. Above all, I say it is contrary to the pure Christian doctrine, which assigns woman to man as the partner of his labor, the sower of his evil, his helpmate in peril, his friend in affliction—not as the toy of his looser hours, or as a flower, which, once cropped, he may throw aside at pleasure."

The gist of the controversy between the free-lovers and the advocates of Christian marriage is comprised in these eloquent words of the preacher, and the argument for permanent unions has never been more for-

cibly or more compactly put than it has been here by the great novelist.

— Our English friends are very slow in acquiring accurate notions about this country. Here, for instance, is an editorial paragraph from a recent number of one of the most intelligent of their journals, the *London Spectator*: "The Americans have got a new excitement. People have arrived in New York who say the English republicans, with Mr. Odger among them, have decided that at the next vacancy in the throne the republic shall be proclaimed at once in all the great cities. They assert that every thing is prepared for this movement, and that it has support among naval and military officers, and they are, therefore, asking for the assistance of the Fenians." All these rumors, which have attracted an attention they scarcely deserve, are based upon an impression that the health of the queen has seriously given way, an impression for which the *Lancet* declares there is no foundation, although her majesty has had a serious attack of sore-throat. We would just remind agitators of this kind that thousands of leases at this moment hang upon the queen's life, the buyers having inserted her name on the well-founded belief that no family has a more persistent and determined habit of living than the house of Brunswick. *A commonwealth may come, probably will come, one day*; but, if the English people take it from Mr. Odger's hands, or from street-rioters' hands, or from anybody's hands pending a coronation, we do not understand their character. They like fair play and decency, and some respect for the dead." The excitement to which the *Spectator* alludes will certainly be news here. Nobody on this side of the Atlantic has seen or heard of it, nor has any one that we know of ever heard of this portentous scheme of the English republicans. Mr. Odger has hardly been mentioned in this country, and where his name is known at all it is known only in the vaguest manner. The notion that any project entertained by or ascribed to him could create an excitement among Americans is simply absurd.

Miscellany.

Discoveries at Jerusalem.

THE discoveries of the "Palestine Exploration Fund" have been made at great cost of money and labor, and no little danger, by sinking shafts one hundred feet deep and running galleries at right angles to these shafts, the explorers feeling their way underground, burning magnesium wire, and so throwing light upon stones and pavements which have been buried two thousand and three thousand years from human sight. Mount Moriah has been found to be a sharp crag or ridge, with so little space upon the top as scarcely to afford room for a temple of small dimensions. On all sides it fell off rapidly and very steeply, except from northwest to southeast, the direction in which the ridge ran. The area on the summit was enlarged by wall built along the declivities, the outside walls deep down the valleys, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet below the area on which the temple buildings stood. One hundred feet again below this lay the original bed of the brook Kedron. The

foundations of the temple, therefore, were two hundred and fifty feet above the deep defiles around. This area, originally built by Solomon, and enlarged by Herod, still exists, running on the south along the valley of Hinnom one thousand feet, and along the Kedron fifteen hundred feet.

This enclosure was originally covered with splendid edifices. First were the porticoes, or covered walks, built along the outer walls, and overlooking the Kedron and Hinnom. They were magnificent structures, resembling the nave and aisles of Gothic cathedrals. The middle walk, or nave, was forty-five feet broad, and the two aisles thirty feet. The aisles were fifty feet high, and the nave, rising like a cleve-story between the two, was more than one hundred feet high. Add now terrace-walls to the height of the porticoes, and we have a solid and continuous wall of masonry two hundred and fifty feet high. But these were only the outer buildings of the temple area. The porticoes opened inwardly upon a court paved with marble, and open to the sky. Steps led up to a second court. Beyond this, again, through beautiful gateways, was a third, and rising above them all was a fourth, in which stood the temple proper, ascending story above story, and said to have been one hundred or even one hundred and fifty feet high.

These horizontal measurements have been verified. Of course, we cannot vouch for the correctness of the reputed height of these immense structures. We have the less reason, however, to doubt the last, as we have established the first. If one looked upon Mount Moriah from the Mount of Olives opposite coming round the brow of Olivet on the way from Bethany, as our Lord did when beholding the city, it must have been a sight which, for architectural beauty and grandeur, perhaps, has never been equalled, certainly not surpassed. It was an artificial mountain from the deep ravines below, wall, column, roof, pinnacle, culminating in the temple within and above all, and probably measuring between five and six hundred feet.

The palace of Solomon, too, added to the impressiveness of the sight. It is settled, by recent discoveries, that this pile of buildings was on the southeast corner of the area, joining on the House of the Lord above, and extending below to the king's gardens, where the two valleys met, and "the waters of Siloah go softly."

James Ferguson, Esq., the distinguished architect, writes: "The triple temple of Jerusalem, the lower court standing on its magnificent terraces, the inner court raised on its platform in the centre, and the temple itself rising out of the group and crowning the whole—must have formed, when combined with the beauty of the situation, one of the most splendid architectural combinations of the ancient world."

Josephus wrote: "If any one looked down from the top of the battlements he would be giddy, while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth." This passed for foolish exaggeration till recent explorations vindicated the statement.

All these buildings, porticoes, columns, pinnacles, altar, and temple, have perished. "Not one stone remains upon another which has not been thrown down." The area alone remains, and the massive substructures that for three thousand years have been sleeping in their courses. The preservation has been due to the ruin. Buildings so vast have been toppled down the slopes of the Moriah that the original defiles and valleys have been almost obliterated. What had been regarded as the

original surface, has been found to be *debris* from seventy to ninety feet deep.

With pickaxe and shovel, British explorers have been down to the original foundations. Fallen columns have been met with, and avoided, or a way blasted through them. The cinders of burnt Jerusalem have been cut through and turned up to the light rich moulds deposited by the treasures of Jewish pride. The seal of Haggai, in ancient Hebrew characters, was picked up, out of the siftings of this deposit. The first courses of stones, deposited by Phœnician builders, have been reached, lying on the living rock. Quarry-marks, put on in vermilion, have been copied—known to be quarry-marks by the trickling drops of the paint, still visible—only they are above the letters, showing that when they were written the stones lay with the under side uppermost.

The Country Life.

Not what we would, but what we must,
Makes up the sum of living;
Heaven is both more and less than just
In taking and in giving.
Swords cleave to hands that sought the plough,
And laurels miss the soldier's brow.

Me, whom the city holds, whose feet
Have worn its stony highways,
Familiar with its loneliest street—
Its ways were never my ways.
My cradle was beside the sea,
And there, I hope, my grave will be.

Old homestead!—in that old, gray town,
Thy vane is seaward blowing;
Thy slip of garden stretches down
To where the tide is flowing;
Below they lie, their sails all furled,
The ships that go about the world.

Dearer that little country-house,
Inland, with pines beside it;
Some peach-trees, with unfruitful boughs,
A well, with weeds to hide it;
No flowers, or only such as rise
Self-sown—poor things!—which all despise.

Dear country home! can I forget
The least of thy sweet trifles?
The window-vines that clamber yet,
Whose blooms the bee still rifles?
The road-side blackberries, growing ripe,
And in the woods the Indian pipe?

Happy the man who tills his field,
Content with rustic labor;
Earth does to him her fulness yield,
Hap what may to his neighbor.
Well days, sound nights—oh, can there be
A life more rational and free?

Dear country life of child and man!
For both the best, the strongest,
That with the earliest race began,
And hast outlived the longest:
Their cities perished long ago;
Who the first farmers were we know.

Perhaps our Babels, too, will fall;
If so, no lamentations,
For Mother Earth will shelter all,
And feed the unborn nations!
Yes, and the swords that menace now
Will then be beaten to the plough.

—From R. H. Stoddard's Poems.

French and Germans.

The Germans are getting into the habit of depreciating the French to such a degree that the faults of levity and vanity with which the French are so freely charged seem already to belong to many of their German critics as

much as to the French themselves. Every German shopkeeper considers himself superior to every French poet; every German student looks upon every French professor as something immeasurably beneath him.

"They knew nothing of Germany," a German of neglected education will say to you, "while we knew France thoroughly."

One does not like to reply to such a person: "It is quite true that Count Bismarck knew France, and that General von Moltke knew the French army; but, as for you, and many like you, you never crossed the frontier, you cannot speak French, and you have no true conception of the French character, into which levity enters as an ingredient, but which does not, as you lightly imagine, consist of levity and nothing else."

The great mass of Frenchmen, whatever statistics may say on the subject of reading and writing, think more, feel more, and certainly converse more, than the great mass of Germans; and one has only to glance at the contents of the last dozen numbers of the principal French review to see that, though they have begun rather late in the day, the French are really at this moment devoting a great deal of attention to German subjects. The three hundred thousand prisoners who were lately in Germany will not all have remained there in vain. They will certainly have brought back to France truer ideas of Germany than the Germans of the invading army, seeing nothing before them but a helpless and broken-down population, can have brought back to Germany of France.

It is quite possible, then, that the time may come when, unless the Germans learn to cast aside the notions now prevalent among them on the subject of French levity, French ignorance, French vanity, and the special French passion for "la gloire," they will find themselves, in regard to knowledge of their neighbors, much where the French were at the beginning of the late war.

The English Poor.

M. Taine, in his notes upon England, gives a terrible account of the two extremes of human life as they appear in the most neglected and poorest districts of the metropolis. Speaking of Shadwell, he describes "small streets, dusty courts infected by a smell of rotten rags, and tapestried with poor clothing and linen hung out to dry. The children swarm. At one moment," says M. Taine, "I had fourteen or fifteen round me, dirty, barefooted, the little sister carrying the baby in her arms, the nursing of a year old, with its bald, white head. Nothing can be more distressing to see than these white bodies, these flaxen tangles, these pasty cheeks plastered with dirt of long standing. They come running up, showing the gentleman to each other with curious and greedy gestures. The motionless mothers look out from the door-ways with lack-lustre eyes. The narrow dwelling may be seen within, often one single room, in which all is heaped together in the foul air. The houses often consist but of one story; they are low and narrow hovels in which to sleep and die. What an abode in winter, when the window remains shut through continuous weeks of rain and fog! And that this brood may not die of hunger, the father must not drink, must never be without work, must never be ill. Here and there is a heap of street-sweepings. Women were working among the rubbish. One of them, who is old and faded, had a short pipe in her mouth. They raised themselves from their work to look at me, showing brutalized, disquieting faces, like female Yahoos; perhaps

that pipe with a glass of gin is the last idea which comes uppermost in their idiotic brain. Could any thing be found therein above the instincts and appetites of a savage or a beast of burden? A miserable black cat, lank, lame, and bewildered, watched them out of the corners of its terrified eyes, and stealthily searched about a dust-heap; the old woman followed it with looks as wild as its own, mumbling as she did so, and evidently calculating that it represented two pounds or so of meat!" M. Taine thinks the street-boys of this part of London more wretched-looking and more repulsive than the Parisian "voyou," and attributes this to the "climate being worse and the gin more murderous."

Russian Bristles.

The sources of the vast majority of the bristles of commerce are the interminable forests of Northern Russia. Here, for thousands of miles in extent, the land is covered with wood—pine-trees, larches, oaks, beeches, rowans, and other cone, mast, acorn, and berry-bearing trees, the fruits of which form a delicious diet for swine, which in a sort of half-wild state, and more or less under the surveillance of swineherds, swarm in prodigious numbers. It need not be supposed that all these swarms surrender their bristles to the bristle-merchant. The pigs under culture for the bristle-crop are mostly a privileged race that pasture near the great tallow-factories of Russia, where the animals reared too far from the habitations of men to be consumed for human food, are boiled down for the sake of their fat. The swine are fed on the refuse of the tallow-houses at certain seasons, and become in prime condition after a few months' feeding. The bristle-harvest is reaped, or rather is uprooted, in the summer, by a process which reminds one of the quill-plucking of the Lincolnshire geese, but which is really not so cruel as it appears at first view. When the animals are well fattened after months of unlimited feasting, and their bristles are in the finest order, they have to compensate their hosts for their entertainment. They are then driven in multitudes into a kind of kraal, or fenced enclosure, where they are crowded as thickly together as they can stand, and perhaps rather more so. Here, by dint of kicking, striving, struggling, and scrambling together, they are sure to get considerably heated, in which feverish condition they are seized by the pluckers, who have then but little difficulty in pulling up the bristles by the roots. This is no sooner accomplished than piggy is allowed to regain his liberty, and scampers off again to his pasture. The spectacle is not a very delightful one, as may be imagined, nor is the extemporaneous concert improvised on the occasion very agreeable to the ear. That the bristle-harvest is really reaped in this way any one may satisfy himself by inspecting a consignment of undressed bristles before they have been passed through any cleansing or purifying process. He will see that the stiff hairs have been forcibly dragged up by the roots, and he will see further, in the case of Siberian bristles, that together with the roots of the stiff hair there has been torn away an inconsiderable portion of the softer wool which by a kind provision of Nature underlies the bristles in the severe North.

Wordsworth.

With all his power and greatness, Wordsworth rarely strikes those deepest notes that move human nature most profoundly. He is a poet of feeling, never of passion. Reflection and contemplation are his natural atmosphere.

With a deep, sweet, sober, almost pleasurable sense of his own emotion, he looks at events which sting a more susceptible nature with sharp pangs of anguish. He is never moved out of himself, never feels that the bonds of self-restraint are unbearable, is never dashed against any rock in his solemn and even voyage. His genius is essentially reflective, not dramatic; and this absence of passion and energy exclude him from the ranks of those who have created new existences into the world to enrich it. Wordsworth has added no new inhabitants to the world. His "Wanderer" and his "Solitary" are impersonations only—embodiments of abstract character. "Peter Bell," though amazingly clear and vivid, is a portrait rather than a creation; and his sketch of Matthew, which is, to our thinking, the most sympathetic and human of all Wordsworth's attempts to portray man, is too brief and slight to be built upon. He did not create. In this, as well as in many other ways, he proves himself to belong to the Miltonic, not the Shakespearean family. But below the level of Shakespeare, the one unapproachable eminence in poetry, we know no English writer by whose side we should hesitate to place the austere and lofty poet of the mountains. In spite of this one great defect, or rather by means of it, he proves his greatness doubly; for without a living soul to help him into that high place—without human progeny to prove that in him too dwelt the divine life-giving principle of genius—without even the gloomy grandeur of a Lucifer to open the gates of fame for him—Wordsworth has stepped upon a pedestal scarce lower than that of Milton, and so long as the English language lasts, is little likely to lose his crown of fullest fame.

Those Terrible Freemasons.

The Munich *Volksbote*, one of the principal organs of the Bavarian ultramontanes, has lately discovered that all the mischief in the world emanates from the freemasons, a statement which we believe we have heard before. But the *Volksbote* does not stop at this sweeping assertion; it furnishes details, the result of deep historical studies. Thus it has compiled the following list of "victims of freemasons":

1. Louis XVI. and the royal family executed.
2. Emperor Leopold II. poisoned.
3. Gustavus III. of Sweden shot.
- 4-8. Gustavus IV. of Sweden, Charles X. and Louis Philippe of France, Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, Louis I. of Bavaria, forced by revolutions to abdicate.
9. King Albert of Sardinia had to abdicate in 1849.
- 10-13. King Francis II. of Naples, Grand-duke of Tuscany, Duke of Modena, Duke of Parma, hurried from their thrones by Victor Emmanuel in league with the revolution.
14. Otto of Greece turned out by the revolution.
- 15-17. King George V. of Hanover, Duke Adolphus of Nassau, Elector Frederick William of Hesse, by Prussia in league with the revolution.
18. Emperor Maximilian of Mexico shot.
19. Queen Isabella of Spain turned out.
20. Pius IX. deprived of the States of the Church by Victor Emmanuel in league with the revolution, on September 20, 1870.

Lord Palmerston.

Gordon, the Scottish painter, used to tell this story of Lord Palmerston:

"I had exhibited for several years, but without any particular success. One year,

however—the year before I painted 'The Corsicans'—Lord Palmerston took a sudden fancy to my picture, called 'Summer in the Lowlands,' and bought it at a high figure. His lordship at the same time made inquiries after the artist, and invited me to call upon him.

"I waited upon his lordship accordingly. He complimented me upon the picture; but there was one thing about it he could not understand.

"What is that, my lord?" I asked.

"That there should be such long grass in a field where there are so many sheep," said his lordship, promptly, and with a merry twinkle of the eye.

"It was a decided hit this; and, having bought the picture and paid for it, he was entitled to his joke.

"How do you account for it?" he went on, smiling, and looking first at the picture and then at me.

"Those sheep, my lord," I replied, "were only turned into that field the night before I finished the picture."

"His lordship laughed heartily, and said 'Bravo' at my reply, and gave me a commission for two more pictures; and I have cashed since then some very notable checks of his—dear old boy!"

Lamartine and Humboldt.

Lamartine in early youth made an Italian tour, during which he performed the foolhardy exploit of descending the crater of Vesuvius when it was on the point of an eruption. He soon after encountered the philosopher Humboldt, who probably held the performer of such an exploit to be a fool, though he courteously enlightened him on many points on which Lamartine exhibited the fullest ignorance. The then lad thought, and in his mature age wrote, that the great philosopher was a very superficial sort of person! Lamartine, who refers to his own "intellectual beauty," speaks of Humboldt as a bustling, noisy individual, clever rather than possessing real merit; a writer who left no book of any note behind him, and a hunter after popularity wherever that prevailed. At the end of thirty years that reflected popularity looked like a blaze of glory; "but," says Lamartine, "it was nothing else than paltry fireworks." Humboldt, in his eyes, was only a maker of squibs.

An Unhealthy Place.

A letter addressed by Professor Corfield to the London *Times* makes the following statements about St. Kilda, one of the Hebrides Islands: Its population amounts to seventy-one, forty-three females and twenty-eight males—and there is only one child on the island. It further appears that for the past eight years no children born on or brought to the island have survived, and that eight out of ten of such children die between the eighth and twelfth days of their existence. This condition of things has been long known, the island having been in 1844 made the subject of a special sanitary report, from which it appears that its air and water are of unimpeachable quality, and that the "great if not the only cause" of its insalubrity, is "the filth amid which the inhabitants live, and the noxious effluvia arising from it." The huts of the natives are small, low-roofed, and without windows, and they are used, during the winter, for the collection of manure, which is carefully laid on the floors and accumulates to a depth of several feet. Professor Corfield expresses his surprise at the fact that "the people on one of the British islands, provided actually with excellent air and water, are al-

lowed systematically to poison the atmosphere to such an extent that children born or brought there all die."

A Family Portrait.

A portrait-painter in large practice might write a pretty book on the vanity and singularity of his sitters.

A certain man came to Copley, and had himself, his wife, and seven children, all included in a family piece.

"It wants but one thing," said he, "and that is the portrait of my first wife—for this one is my second."

"But," said the artist, "she is dead, you know, sir. What can I do? She is only to be admitted as an angel."

"Oh, no, not at all!" answered the other; "she must come in as a woman—no angels for me."

The portrait was added, but some time elapsed before the person came back; when he returned, he had a stranger-lady on his arm.

"I must have another cast of your hand, Copley," he said; "an accident befell my second wife; this lady is my third; and she is come to have her likeness included in the family picture."

The painter complied, the likeness was introduced, and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses.

Not so the lady. She remonstrated; never was such a thing heard of! Out her predecessors must go.

The artist painted them out accordingly, and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits he had obliterated.

A Newfoundland Dog-fisher.

So universal is the practice of fishing in Newfoundland, that the very dogs, in many instances, acquire the art. The following anecdote is related by Professor Jukes, the distinguished geologist: "I observed, one day, a dog at work catching fish on his own account. He sat on a projecting rock, beneath a fish-stage where the fish are laid out to dry, watching the water, which had a depth of six or eight feet, and the bottom of which was white with fish-bones. On a piece of codfish being thrown into the water, three or four heavy, clumsy-looking fish, called in Newfoundland 'sculpins' (dragonets), with great heads and mouths, and many spines about them, and generally about a foot long, would swim in to catch it. These he would 'set' attentively, and, the moment one turned his broadside to him, he dashed down like a fish-hawk, and seldom came up without a fish in his mouth. As he caught them, he regularly took them to a place a few yards off, where he laid them down, and they told us that, in the summer, he would sometimes make a pile of sixty or seventy a day, just in that place. He never attempted to eat them, but seemed to be fishing purely for his own amusement."

Communal Divorces.

The Commune, during its domination in Paris, undertook, among other reforms, to simplify the process of divorce. The following was the formula made use of by the Citizens Michel and Aubry, who acted as secretaries to a commissioner of police in Paris:

"The Citizen A—and the Citizeness B—, having recognized that, owing to the incompatibility of their characters, life in common has become insupportable for them, have agreed to ask for a friendly (*à l'amiable*) separation, which has been granted them. In consequence, they are, and remain, separated, and

are not to be troubled (*inquiétés*) by each other. Done, in a triple copy, at Paris, the — floréal, year 78.

"Signed by the parties concerned, by the commissary of police, and witnesses."

We regret to say that the Citizens Michel and Aubry have been respectively condemned to twelve and six months' imprisonment for usurpation of legal functions.

Italian Libraries.

From a return of the statistics of public libraries in Italy for 1870, presented to the Minister of Public Instruction, it appears that Italy possesses twenty-eight of these institutions, which were resorted to last year by 723,359 readers. Naples, the most populous of Italian cities, with five public libraries, has also the largest number of readers, being 192,992. Turin, with one public library, has 115,000 readers; Florence, with three, 92,000. The library most frequented in proportion to the population, was that of Catania, with 18,641 readers. Nine only of the libraries are open in the evening; the number of visits made at that time was 104,000. Works in general literature and philology were most largely in request; after these, treatises on jurisprudence and legislation; and, in the third place, works on physical science. The proportion of novels issued was very small, which may, perhaps, be owing to works of this description being but sparingly admitted into the libraries. The total number of works added to all these institutions during the year was 11,706.

French Braggings.

A French writer, M. Jules Richard, strongly condemns, in the *Constitutionnel*, the frivolity and braggadocio with which his countrymen speak of their recent defeats. "Not to acknowledge one's defeat," he says, "is worse even than to be defeated. When a nation has not known how to conquer, it should at least know how to bear defeat with dignity. . . . At this moment there is not a small tradesman in France who is not convinced that the war ought to have been continued, and that we would have conquered in the end, . . . and any one that tells him we have been thoroughly and completely beaten, is immediately declared a traitor who has sold himself to the enemy. . . . Let us acknowledge, once for all, that we have been defeated; and, if our rulers wish to do us a service, let them not strive to console us, but, on the contrary, let them speak incessantly of our sufferings and our defeats. That would be better than the incessant cry of 'l'honneur est sauvé.' Our honor is not saved; there is no consolation for our misfortune; we are not only beaten, but ingloriously beaten!"

David and the Emperor's Portrait.

When the celebrated painter David began the portrait of Napoleon I., he asked the emperor if he wished to be represented on the field of victory, sword in hand.

"Bah!" replied the emperor. "Victories are not gained by the sword. Represent me, sir, dashing forward on a fiery steed."

Again, when requested to sit a little more steadily, to obtain a good resemblance, Napoleon replied:

"Pshaw, sir! Who cares for a resemblance? What are mere features, sir? The genius of the artist is shown by his success in representing the fire, the inspiration of the face. Think you, sir, Alexander ever sat to Apelles?"

The Wahabees.

The Wahabees, the Mohammedan Puritans, who are making rapid progress in the East,

pretend that they possess certain portions of the original Koran which were omitted by Othman, the third caliph, when he compiled the present volume. They are said to keep these sacred relics strictly secret, and to communicate them only to select followers.

Foreign Items.

A HUNGARIAN publisher in Pesth has been convicted, in the criminal court of that city, of swindling, and sent to the house of correction for nine months. He published in the papers a letter purporting to have been written to him by Charles Dickens, a Hungarian translation of whose works he published. The letter was spurious, and the publisher was convicted of having forged it himself.

Writing for the press is a somewhat dangerous business in Poland. An unlucky reporter of the *Warsaw Gazette* wrote the other day for that journal an item which excited the ire of the chief of police. The reporter was arrested and brought before the functionary, who sentenced him to be flogged, and imprisoned for a week on bread-and-water!

The hobby of the Crown-Prince of Prussia is agriculture. His farm, near Brandenburg, costs him every year fifty thousand dollars, but he has, at all events, the pleasure of telling his guests at the dinner-table that he himself raised all the vegetables which are placed on the table.

The new criminal code in Italy punishes with five years' imprisonment those persons who entice children from the country and take them abroad. The Minister of Justice, in his report, estimates the number of Italian children, who are annually, as it were, sold to persons in the United States, at five thousand.

Théophile Gautier, the French author, is now editor of the *Journal Officiel*, the government organ. He changes his politics whenever France changes her government. Under Louis Philippe he was an Orleanist, in 1848 a republican, in 1861 an imperialist, and now he is again a republican.

Mazzini and Garibaldi are no longer friends. They recently had an angry correspondence, in the course of which Mazzini intimated that Garibaldi's services had been much overrated, whereupon the hermit of Caprera retorted by speaking of Mazzini's "senile and ridiculous effusions."

The Empress of Germany refused to receive, the other day, a committee of ladies, who desired to present to her a petition in regard to woman's rights. The chamberlain of the empress informed the ladies that her majesty was opposed to the movement, and wished to discourage it as much as possible.

Louisa Mühlbach, having been charged by a Dresden journalist with having deceived the public as to her invitation by the Khédive to visit Egypt, has brought a libel-suit against him. She demands four thousand dollars damages.

The convicts in the Moabit Penitentiary, at Berlin, have sent to the Prussian Minister of Justice a petition, in which they solicit permission to have, once a week, an hour's conversation with somebody besides the clergyman.

An adventuress, calling herself Baroness de Lagarde, was recently convicted of swindling,

in the criminal court of Vienna. In the course of her examination she stated that she had formerly been a milliner in Philadelphia, and a lobbyist in Washington.

Forty thousand German soldiers received the order of the Iron Cross for gallantry displayed in the battles of the recent war. The order was founded during the War of Liberation, when fifteen thousand soldiers received it.

During the thirty-three years since the public gaming-places in France were closed, over one thousand million francs were lost by tourists at the public gaming-tables of the fashionable German watering-places.

The commander-in-chief of the German troops in France receives thirteen hundred dollars a month; a general of division, seven hundred dollars; a brigadier-general, four hundred; and a colonel, three hundred.

The *Moscow Gazette* states that it lost one hundred and ten thousand rubles in consequence of the decree of the government by which its publication was suspended for two months.

The Prussian Government lost, last year, nineteen thousand dollars by the defalcation of public functionaries. The guilty persons were all convicted and are now in the penitentiary.

The superintendent of Prince Metternich's famous vineyard at Johannisberg told, the other day, an American tourist that, as far as he knew, not a bottle of Johannisberger had ever been sent to America.

Dr. Strousberg, who was formerly believed to be worth many millions of dollars, owes his creditors nine millions, to meet which there are no assets.

Nero, the favorite dog of the Emperor Napoleon, is still kept at the police prefecture in Paris. It is a very valuable animal of the St. Bernard race.

The Berlin *Germania*, an ultramontane organ, says that Dr. J. von Doellinger, the celebrated Munich professor, is an immoderate beer-drinker and fond of smoking pipes.

The Emperor Francis Joseph writes a very beautiful hand, and is said to receive most favorably such petitions as are written by good penmen.

Mme. Marie Seebach, the German tragedienne, has been engaged by the *Vienna Press* to write fifty letters for that journal on what she saw and heard in America.

Liart, the composer, has completed his long-expected oratorio, "Christ." It is not dedicated to the pope, as had been asserted by some papers, but to Richard Wagner.

A young girl at Metz refused, recently, to marry a Prussian officer. Next day, ten of the wealthiest young men in the city applied for her hand.

There is now before the Federal Council of Switzerland a motion making it a penal offense to ascend the Alps at certain seasons of the year.

Field-Marshal Moltke's favorite books are works of travels in the East.

Oscar Redwitz, the greatest German poet of our times, is forty-eight years old.

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George Bancroft, the historian, is at present an honorary member of no fewer than thirty-one learned societies in Europe.

The Grand-duke Alexis is a tall and slender young man. He looks much older than he really is.

The Berlin *Provincial Correspondence*, Prince Bismarck's official organ, has a circulation of less than three hundred copies.

An American gift-enterprise man was recently ordered by the police of Magdeburg to leave the city.

Barnum's autobiography did not sell well in Germany. The publisher says that nearly the whole edition was left on his hands.

The Emperor of Germany has ordered Knass, the celebrated painter, to paint for him "Napoleon's Surrender at Sedan."

In Denmark one hundred young men are admitted every year to the bar; about fifty become physicians, and thirty-five clergymen.

Queen Victoria pays regular pensions to seven German authors.

Wachtel, the German tenor, was formerly a coachman in Hamburg.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain has lately been very ill. She is suffering from dropsy.

The famous Linnaeus house at Upsala was recently purchased by the Queen of Sweden.

Varieties.

THE London *Spectator* thus describes modern English extravagance: "It is coming rapidly to this—that a first-class leader of society, with a first-class fortune, to be 'on a level with his position,' wants, or chooses to think he wants, a house in London, a house on the river, two palaces at least in the country, a shooting-box in the Highlands, an hotel in Paris as costly as his London house, a villa at Como, a floor in Rome, an establishment in Cairo or Constantinople, a yacht, a theatre, and a racing stud; and then thinks that life is as monotonous as it was when 'in his cool hall, with haggard eyes, the Roman noble lay.'"

The wasting away of sandstone and granite is largely attributed, by Dr. Robert, of Paris, to the development of a minute lichen upon them. This plant is so destructive that in fifty years it could and would wholly destroy the beautiful marble sculptures in the park at Versailles, unless measures were taken to check its attacks. The destructive influences of a moist climate upon rocks are conspicuously illustrated by the famous obelisk of Luxor, in Paris. Forty years ago it was brought from Egypt, where it had stood perfect and unchanged during forty centuries, yet is now full of small cracks and completely bleached out.

A remarkable group of conical stone monuments, made of smooth and apparently hewn stones cemented together, and evidently the work of skilled builders, has been found near Death Valley, in Southern California. Some of the monuments are in a nearly perfect condition; others have fallen, and one or two appear unfinished. There are probably one hundred in all, about four feet high, between two and three feet in diameter at the base, and from twelve to eighteen inches at the apex. Four of the cones are much larger than their fellows, and stand together in the centre of the group.

"Quinine-biscuit" is the latest novelty in the medicinal pastry line. Each biscuit contains one-fourth of a grain of quinine, and the taste is so concealed that a hearty individual can put them down until the hair on the back of his head begins to curl, without knowing what he is taking. Next we shall have castor-

oil sponge-cake, buchurious bread, and squill pancakes for table delicacies; and all first-class drug-stores have a bake-shop and lunch-room attached to the prescription department.

The oldest daily newspaper in London is the *Public Ledger*, started in 1759, and now merely an advertising sheet for auction-sales. The oldest newspaper is the London *Gazette*, established in 1665, and published continuously twice a week ever since. There is a complete file of this important journal, 1665-1871, in the Library of Congress at Washington. The *Times* was not founded until 1788, and then under another name.

Rogers, the artist in statuettes, is now engaged upon an historical group of Washington, Lafayette, and Hamilton, which will probably occupy his attention for some time to come. A report, which has been going the rounds, that he has been engaged upon a statuette of the "Heathen Chinese," is entirely without foundation.

A Troy judge has decided that hotel-keepers are liable for watches that may be stolen from guests occupying rooms where are posted notices of a safe for the keeping of money, jewels, and ornaments, the judge holding that watches are not ornaments, but as useful during the night as during the daytime.

Bees occupy a very important place in creation, and perform very important functions in rendering fruitful the seed-vessels of vegetables and flowers. In New Zealand, it is said that clover, taken from here and sowed there, produced beautiful crops of fodder, but no seed, till the English honey-bee was imported.

Jennie June says there never was a time when it is so difficult to tell just what is and just what is not fashion; never a time when authorities were so many, and their dictates so little heeded; never a time when there was such universal demand for fashion, or such utter disregard of it, by those who are naturally its truest exponents.

There are three women connected with the government at Washington who, by dint of rigid self-denial and economy, have secured comfortable little homes for themselves on a salary of nine hundred dollars each. If some women surpass men in extravagance, others surpass them in frugality.

Sir Walter Scott was temperate in his habits. Even when playing the host, he would adroitly substitute the appearance for the reality of drinking. The decanter before him might appear to contain sherry; but Macbeth, his ponderous butler, had filled it with toast-water.

A new way of hanging oil-paintings is, to have large blocks of wood at the back of the frame, to prevent their touching the wall, so that the air can circulate through the back and prevent the painting from being injured by dampness, or blistered by the heat from the chimney or flues.

Italy has twenty-one universities. Twenty of these—a list of the students of the University of Naples has not been made out—were attended by five thousand nine hundred and forty matriculated students during the last university year.

A new definition of the word "civilization" reaches us from Japan. Late, a Japanese visitor to the English Club was induced to take some champagne, and, on putting away his third tumbler, exclaimed, with great fervor: "I like civilization! I like civilization!"

A Parisian vagabond, who was questioned by the authorities as to his means of support, lately replied that he was a manufacturer of *souvenirs*. He passed his time in firing bullets against a brick wall, and selling them afterward at a franc a piece.

An Englishman has won a wager of five hundred dollars by writing one million strokes with a pen within a month. He did it in twenty-three days, but his arm was nearly palsied by the operation.

The Titusville *Herald's* society-notes describe a belle who "attracts much attention since she got in her new teeth. She sings di-

vinely, and, when vocalizing, always puts her teeth on the piano."

Pale sapphires, exposed to intense heat, slowly and gradually applied, and permitted to cool in the same manner, can be rendered colorless. They acquire greater brilliancy by the process, and are the best counterfeits of diamonds sold.

Miss Agnes Strickland has received a pension of five hundred dollars per annum from the British Government, in recognition of her historical works.

Swedenborg says that sex is a permanent fact in human nature. Men are men, and women are women, in the highest heaven as here on earth.

Miss Throckmorton married the Baron Lemme in New York. They wanted her to marry some one else, and she said, "Lemme alone."

The priests of the Ritualistic churches wear robes of white satin embroidered with gold thread, when they perform the marriage-service.

Some persons choose a very strange place in which to make their departure from this world. They go to a barber's to dye.

There are probably not as many as a hundred stars whose light takes less than twelve years to travel to the earth.

It isn't by any means the best way to settle an account to let it stand, nor, for that matter, to let it run either.

The highest compliment to a barber—he dyed and made no sign.

Many ladies have become really crippled by wearing the French high heels.

An ostrich clears one hundred dollars a year off his feathers.

The Museum.

THE traveller on the Tigris is often entertained with the very picturesque incident of Arabs crossing the river on inflated sheep or goat skins; the most primitive, one would think, of all methods of voyaging. On these, Arabs, male, and female, with their burdens, commit themselves to the perils of crossing the broad and rapid waters of the Tigris; the women even carrying bowls of milk this way. The next step in the art of river-navigation is the using of two goats'-skins attached to one another by means of a hoop; then comes a species of raft called a "kelek," which can be made of any number of goat-skins ranging between four and two hundred. These skins are taken off with as few incisions as possible, and then dried and prepared, after which the air is forced in by the lungs, and the aperture tied up with string. Four such skins being attached by means of withes of willow, or tamarisk, there is placed over them a kind of platform consisting of branches in layers at right angles to one another, and reaching from side to side. This constitutes the smallest kind of "kelek," on which may be seen an Arab family moving with the stream from one pasture-ground to another, and carrying their bags of corn and worldly effects.

For commercial purposes, or when proceeding long distances, a larger construction is made, as follows: A rectangular, or more generally a square, platform, having a sort of well or inlet at one end, is first constructed by means of successive layers of branches of trees, or poplar-beams and reeds, crossing at right angles till the whole has become sufficiently stable, which is usually the case when the flooring is eighteen inches or two feet deep. On this platform there is a fireplace, or hearth, within a little enclosure of damp clay, to prevent accl-

dents from fire. Rough planks are then laid over the rest of the space, which is occupied by the boatmen and the merchandise; inflated skins are then tied to it by osier and other twigs. The raft is then moved to the water, and launched, while care is taken to place the skins with their orifices upward, so that in case any should burst or require refilling, they can be easily opened by the raftmen and replenished by means of a reed pipe; the inlet already spoken of giving access to those not at the sides. People of wealth have small, rude

huts constructed on their keleks, while their poorer brethren ensconce themselves, during the journey, among the bales of goods with a most commendable patience, only carrying with them a small earthen chafing-dish, containing a charcoal-fire, which serves to cook their food.

The ordinary "kelek," or raft, ranges in length from sixteen to eighteen feet by fourteen to sixteen in diameter, and is supported by about thirty-three skins, but the larger ones are thirty or even forty feet in length, and have

at least fifty skins, while some require three hundred to support them; it was with rafts of this size that Mr. Layard was enabled to float the gigantic winged bulls he removed from the ruins of Nineveh. When under weigh, they are kept in mid-stream by means of two rude oars made of the branches of trees, with blades of palm-branches. On the cargo reaching its destination, the raft is broken up, and the materials are sold for fire-wood, with the exception of the skins, which are carried back to be used afresh.



MILK-WOMAN AND ARABS CROSSING THE TIGRIS

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